

Chatelaine

FOR THE CANADIAN WOMAN

JANUARY 1953 20 CENTS

Let's Not Work
the Queen to Death, too

A Minister Tells:
Why I Marry Divorcees



CHERRY-FILLED COFFEE CAKE

Crusty biscuit ring, filled with jam,
iced, and topped with pecans

One of
50 FAVORITE RECIPES
from Chatelaine Councilors—page 26

Like magic! Camay takes your skin
"out of the shadows"
 and brings to light exciting New Loveliness!



This enchanting bride, MRS. JOHN-MICHAEL KING, says:
 "A change to regular care and Camay makes a
 world of difference. My complexion grew fresher and clearer
 so quickly I thought I was dreaming."

**Like this lovely Camay bride, you'll rejoice at the clearer,
 brighter complexion your First Cake of Camay brings!**



Made in Canada

HOW CAN a girl be attractive and admired,
 how can she hope to be wooed and wed—
 when her skin has a dull and overcast look?

Never permit your beauty to be veiled in shadows! With Camay, The Soap of Beautiful Women, you can take your skin "out of the shadows" and into the light of new loveliness. Change to regular care—use Camay and Camay alone—and your mirror will show you a fresher, clearer complexion—with your very *first cake* of Camay.

For complexion or bath, there's no finer beauty soap than Camay. Camay is praised for its gentle-

ness—prized for its rich, luxurious, creamy lather. Take your skin "out of the shadows" and into the light of romantic new loveliness with Camay, The Soap of Beautiful Women.



**New beauty begins —
 head to toe!**

The daily Camay Beauty Bath gives you that "beautifully cared-for" look all over. It brings you lovelier arms—lovelier legs—lovelier shoulders. It touches you with Camay's flattering fragrance. Always use the big Beauty-Bath Size for more lather, more luxury, more economy.

Camay *the soap of beautiful women*



Cornell tells an ingenue how not to panic.

Cornell in Her Corner. "The worst two minutes I ever spent in my life were in Toronto just before the curtain went up the first night," says Anna Cameron, Toronto-born actress who brooked her father's opposition to go on the stage. She is currently touring Canada and the U. S. in her first major role with one of the greatest actresses of our time—Katharine Cornell, with whom she is shown chatting above.

"Everyone I knew was out front and I was terrified," reports this talented young Canadian, "but just then Katharine Cornell came along, and seeing the state I was in said, 'Look, I know just how you feel. I had the same panicky sensation the first time I ever played in Buffalo—which is my home town. Just remember those people out there are on your side—and so am I.'"



Wedding Bells for Winterburns. Remember the Winterburns—the Ontario farm family with twelve children whose story appeared in Chatelaine last March? Since then the family circle has increased by two more. Daughters June and Edna were married recently. To celebrate, the Winterburns held an old-fashioned hoe-down in Norland for their marrying daughters. "We didn't have to send out invitations," reports June, shown with her husband, Douglas Griffin. "Mom just got on the party line and told the whole countryside to come and enjoy the fun."

Chatelaine Centre

Prince Charles takes to slang, wedding hoe-down, twelve cakes that didn't drop, and books by dog team.

More Marriages, Fewer Children. Canadian families are coming in smaller packages. Persons per family in 1941 averaged 3.9, but today that figure has slipped to 3.7. Marriage itself is on the upswing with 21.3 per cent more couples than ten years ago. Victoria, Vancouver and Toronto have smallest families with a compact three persons per family. The largest families are in Quebec where they come in the big companionable 6.7 person size.

Royal Command. Chatelaine's London correspondent reports that Prince Charles, like any other alert four-year-old, has been picking up slang. He recently tried out a phrase he overheard a palace workman use. "Shove off!" he advised his startled sailor father.

Luxury Living. Ever feel when the alarm rattles out reveille that you could face the day much better if someone would only bring you a cup of coffee to bed? It's quite possible, if you follow the example of one smart (and maidless) Calgary housewife who takes coffee to bed with her at night, all sugared, creamed and ready for morning, in a thermos.

Dog Team Delivery. Panting Husky dogs and chuffing snowmobile bring in requests for library books at St. Anthony, Newfoundland. Mrs. Eli Canning, librarian, packs the books and sends them out the same way.

Eleven Pounds Less. After "How Chatelaine Planned New Futures for Three Women" appeared in the November issue, Rosemary Boxer's office was flooded with mail from women all over Canada who wanted everything from suggestions for new hair-do's to complete renovations. Mrs. Mae Matthews of Keswick, Ontario, thirty-two and mother of seven, phoned an SOS to say an important dinner was just two weeks away and could Rosemary Boxer recommend an all-out beauty campaign? A letter was dispatched to Keswick in the next mail.

Mrs. Matthews sandwiched in her bending-stretching-rolling routine for thirty minutes every morning between the time her husband left for work and the children got up.

"I ache in every bone," she phoned back, but the rewards were gratifying. She dropped eleven pounds and two inches off her waist. With a swish, swirled hair-do, new dress, and sleeker contours, she went off to the big party squired by an admiring husband.



Cover Cake Stand-ins. No fewer than twelve coffee cakes were turned out of Chatelaine Institute's big white ovens before the one that appears on this month's cover was finally photographed, as doing justice to the favorite recipe of Mrs. T. M. Miller of Winnipeg.

"We needed them all," says Director Marie Holmes (shown with photographer Lockwood Haight and staffers Marion Graham and Peggy Stroud), "to determine the best size, how far to let the browning go and what nuts photographed sharply—pecans won out over Brazils."

Four beautiful stand-in cakes were made just in case someone dropped the cover one. After five hours work the picture you see was finally shot and everyone sat down to relax over coffee and—no, not coffee cake—doughnuts!

Chatelaine Centre will pay \$5 to \$10 for true anecdotes. No contributions can be returned.

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Why he left so early

● It was Edna's first big date with him and—here she was, back at home, puzzled and unhappy before the evening was half over. What had she said or done to hurry him away so early?

Not something she had done . . . but something she had left undone. It might have been a different story had she been smart enough to let Listerine Antiseptic look after her breath. After all, no man wants to put up with halitosis (bad breath) a minute longer than he has to.

How About You?

What happened to Edna could happen to you . . . to anybody. Isn't it foolish to risk offending when Listerine Antiseptic is such an *extra-careful* precaution against it?

Listerine Antiseptic instantly halts simple bad breath and stops it, usually for hours on end. Yes, actual clinical tests showed; that in 7 out of 10 cases,

breath remained much fresher and sweeter for more than four hours after the Listerine Antiseptic rinse.

Stops Bad Breath

When you want to be at your best never, never omit Listerine Antiseptic. Use it before every date. Better still, you should freshen and sweeten your breath every night and every morning as well.

Three generations of fastidious women have looked upon this delightful antiseptic as almost a passport to popularity . . . certainly a "must" for good grooming.

While sometimes systemic, most cases of halitosis, say some authorities, are due to bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation and overcomes the odor it causes.

Lambert Pharmacal Co. (Canada) Ltd.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC... stops bad breath for hours

P. S. Fight Tooth Decay with the new Listerine Tooth Paste—it's Clean and Fresh!

Made in Canada

Chatelaine



The recipe for our cover coffee cake appears on page 26 as one of "50 Favorite Recipes" from all over Canada.

Chatelaine

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Reader Takes Over

Bored by babies . . . but Anne is different

What a horrible bore to find the cover and five pages of November issue taken up with the records and pictures of a baby, in whom not one person in Canada could be the least bit interested. Millions of babies are born, each has a mother who would be glad to supply such articles (free, I'm sure) just to see their little darlings in print. If it had been Prince Charles or Princess Anne, that's different. — *Mrs. S. Martin, Calgary.*

Popular Boy

Thank you for the finely written story by Mazo de la Roche. It is a bit gruesome and unhappy, but well written and absorbing as is usual with this fine writer. — *Mrs. M. Prenderville, Halifax.*

. . . Thank you very much for "A Boy in the House," by Mazo de la Roche. It was most enjoyable. — *E. Jennings, Lansing, Ont.*

Saint or Moron

My answer to Dare to be a Celia ("I Almost Lost My Husband") November Chatelaine, would be not unless a person were either a saint or a moron. How much is a human being really supposed to take? . . . "A Boy in the House" was interesting and full of suspense. I particularly liked that writer fellow, but I don't seem to get what Miss de la Roche is trying to prove about that Boy. — *K. McMorrow, Port Union, Ont.*

. . . Congratulations on "I Almost Lost My Husband." It is the most honest and courageous answer I have read to the problem. — *E. M. McCallum, Calgary.*

. . . For years I have read glossy women's magazines of every shape and size but never before have I seen in print an article like "I Almost Lost My Husband." Surely this is the answer to problems far wider than the home. — *Mrs. R. R. Procter, Preston, Suffolk, England.*

Class for Housewives

Your course in home decorating was a most effective way of reaching busy housewives. It's much easier to study when one knows thousands of women are in the class. — *Mrs. R. Dowson, Nemiskam, Alta.*

Unworthy Articles

It is sad to see our old friend publishing articles unworthy of its usual high standard. "The Windsors" showed a total misconception of the basic issues or the public reactions of this historical episode. The Churchill family chronicle was an unwarrantable trespassing on private affairs which happened long enough ago to be left alone. But Terence Hamilton's

article on the Duke of Edinburgh in November is a shocking example of the worst kind of journalism. He insults every person whose name he mentions. Even the dead are not spared . . . As to the Duke himself, it would be impossible to "misunderstand" so candid and forthright a character. — *Mrs. M. Fisher, Coventry, England.*

P.S.: Many thanks for "A Boy in the House"—a feast for the adult mind.

Average Reader?

If I want Chatelaine to continue its high standards, maybe I'd better express some of my ideas, being an average type of reader. I am a busy young mother of three "younguns" and have recently returned to a musical career, consequently have little time to waste. I like Chatelaine because it has a little of everything. I have several magazines coming into my home but confess Chatelaine is the only one I take time to read, other than the non-fiction variety. — *Mrs. H. E. Schlenker, Port Elgin, Ont.*

. . . Here is the history of one subscription to your magazine. An aunt of mine, living in Cornwall, has received Chatelaine for many years from a friend in Canada. After my mother has seen it, then my sister (a doctor and mother of three children), then myself (with four sons, one of whom has just crossed the Atlantic with a year's English Speaking Union Schoolboy Scholarship), then Chatelaine continues into Northamptonshire on a journey whose end I do not know. This will give you some idea of what pleasure it is giving. — *Mrs. R. G. Marris, Birmingham, England.*

. . . I have enjoyed Chatelaine for years, especially the articles about Canadians in many walks of life. — *Mary Serrington, High Prairie, Alta.*

. . . I am learning through your magazine something about Canada. I have always been interested in your country, and it is now over three years since my husband paid my first subscription while his ship was in Montreal. I enjoy most of the articles and think the fiction is of a somewhat higher standard than that in our women's magazines. — *Doreen MacAlister, Liverpool, England.*

Neglected Topic

"Are You a Time Thief?" in September Chatelaine dealt with the important but much neglected topic of punctuality in a very effective and telling manner. I read it to my two children, knowing it would be more effective than any number of certain lectures from "Mom." — *Mrs. J. E. Scantlebury, Toronto.*



When does a "simple cold" become serious?

Whenever fever—even a degree or so above normal—accompanies a so-called "simple cold," it is serious enough to be called to the attention of your doctor.

Many of us are inclined to regard a cold all too lightly—even when it brings on "a touch of fever." We may say: "It will be gone tomorrow," and, relying on our favourite home remedy, attempt to continue our usual activities.

Doctors take a more serious view of colds. They believe that any cold should be properly treated—and preferably as soon as it develops. While many measures are used for the relief of colds, most physicians believe that the best treatment is simply this:

Remain at home and rest as much as possible, preferably in bed; eat light, wholesome food; drink plenty of liquids; and be sure to check your temperature.

The latter point is particularly important because a feverish cold often indicates the onset of more serious illnesses—sinusitis, ear infections, bronchitis, and certain communicable diseases including the various forms of pneumonia.

In fact, it has been estimated that colds are the starting point for nine out of ten cases of pneumonia. So, in addition to keeping check on your temperature, it is

wise to watch out for chills, pain in the chest or side after coughing or deep breathing, and the appearance of rust-coloured sputum. *Should any of these symptoms of pneumonia develop, call the doctor at once.*

Fortunately, medical science has made enormous strides against pneumonia. Just a few years ago, one out of every three pneumonia victims died. Today modern drugs are so effective that only one out of every 25 cases is lost. This record should not lull anyone into a false sense of security—for pneumonia can still strike and rapidly become serious. Prompt treatment is just as vital as ever.

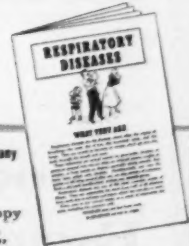
Good health habits help prevent winter ailments such as pneumonia. So, during the cold months ahead, you may find these simple precautions helpful in conserving your resistance against colds, pneumonia, and other respiratory diseases:

Avoid loss of sleep, excessive fatigue, and over-exposure to extreme cold and dampness.

Eat a well-balanced daily diet.

Stay away from people who cough or sneeze carelessly.

See your doctor for a thorough physical examination if you have frequent colds.



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Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
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Home Office: New York

Canadian Head Office: Ottawa

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Ottawa 4, Canada

Please mail me a free copy of your booklet, 13-L "Respiratory Diseases."

Name

Street

City Prov.

The couple that had 2 weddings !



Two years ago, Virginia Owen and William Loock, Jr. marched down the aisle, cut wedding cake, and sipped champagne. After the wedding, they shook hands and said goodbye. For Virginia and Bill were only models, posing in wedding fashions.

But Bill vowed he would see more of his beautiful make-believe bride. (Her wonderful Woodbury-soft complexion would capture any man's heart.) And recently, Virginia and Bill marched down the aisle again — this time for keeps!



A breathtaking bride... a popular model... Virginia protects her exquisite complexion with Woodbury Soap. It contains a softening oil found in beauty creams... and cleans thoroughly... yet gently!



The beauty-cream ingredient blended into Woodbury Soap by skin scientists, is intended to help replace natural oils you wash away. Try big Beauty-Bath Size Woodbury, too, for head-to-toe loveliness.

Woodbury Facial Soap



*with the Beauty-Cream Ingredient
...for the skin you love to touch*



By JUDITH ROBINSON

Progress and Mashed Potatoes

THE SPEECH WAS a political speech. The speaker said he had faith in Canada's continued progress. Everybody clapped.

For all the sense it made, he might as well have said he had faith in Canada's mean temperature. He might better have said he believed in Canada's height above sea level or average popsicle consumption or annual measles rate. Somebody might have waked up and laughed if he had said any of those things. But when he said he had faith in Canada's progress nobody waked up and nobody laughed. We all stayed asleep and clapped in our sleep.

This is a solemn thought to take into a new, and a general election, year.

There was once a reporter who, when reporting political speeches, tried writing "mashed potatoes," two words with a definite meaning, in place of every word or phrase without a definite meaning. They made the speeches quite a lot more interesting to read though perhaps a shade repetitive. But the copy desk did not take to the idea. It complained that eight mashed potatoes in one prime-ministerial sentence were too many. So the effort had to be folded away with other prewar attempts to clear jargon words from Canadian political speech.

However, it can do no harm to try again. All the old words are still about and still abused, and "progress" is where it used to be: in the middle of the mangled heap.

Progress—with desperation let it be said once more—means movement or development in a given direction and that is all it means. It doesn't mean anything else and never has. A hundred years' worth of progressive thinkers and progressive teachers and progressive businessmen and progressive politicians are evidence enough of that; they and their bright, misbegotten faith in progress.

Progress as an object of faith is about as venerable as a streetcar route though not as dependable. There is no virtue in it and there can be none. Progress is no more than the process of getting from one place, idea or condition to another place, idea or condition. From good to better, or from good to bad, or from bad to worse; it's all one to progress.

Yet if one can postpone belief in progress long enough to stand off and look at it, it becomes clear at once that "We don't know where we're going but we're on our way" is no good as a doctrine. As a national anthem it is less than worthy. Even as a party slogan it lacks something: ask any surviving Conservative who watched his party progress into hyphenation at Winnipeg all those sad years ago.

But still the odd faith in progress persists in odd places. Still the mystic name can be invoked

Continued on page 64



SELF-PORTRAIT—A SEPIA DRAWING

The Most Famous Paintings of Leonardo da Vinci

THE LATEST EXAMPLE OF
AN EXCITING PROJECT BY WHICH

The Metropolitan
Museum of Art

WILL BRING THE TREASURES OF THE WORLD'S ART MUSEUMS
INTO YOUR HOME... *for yourself and your children*

24 Miniatures **IN FULL COLOR—IN SIZE SHOWN→**

*including details of THE LAST SUPPER and other famous paintings
...with a 32-page descriptive Album*

FIVE HUNDRED years ago an illegitimate child was born in the little Italian village of Vinci. This unwanted child, named Leonardo, "grew up from the obscurity and humiliation of his birth to become the very incarnation of the Italian Renaissance and the patron saint of all who love beauty and truth."

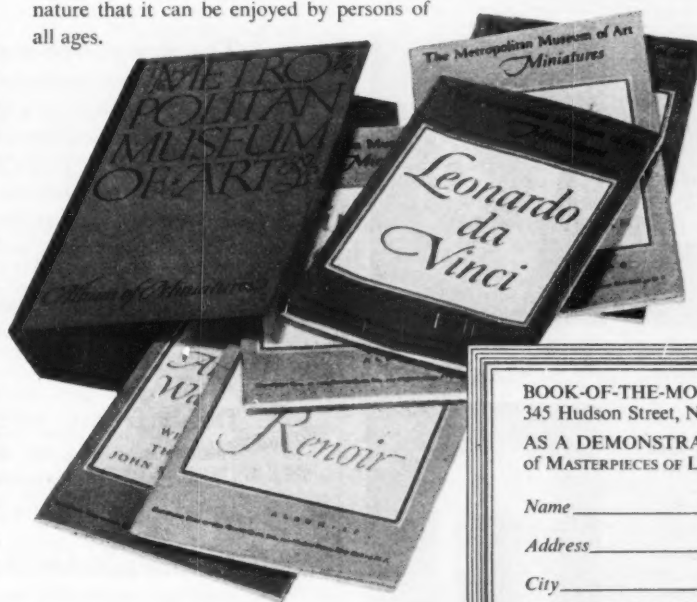
Today the immortal paintings which Leonardo bequeathed to the world are scattered through the museums of France, Italy and England. To see them would require months of travel. Indeed, despite all precautions, some are slowly deteriorating with age and sooner or later will vanish into shadows of themselves.

Fortunately for art lovers, The Metropolitan Museum of Art has reproduced the most famous of Leonardo's paintings in their present glory, so that families everywhere can study and enjoy them in their own homes.

Once a month the Museum prepares separate sets of full-color prints, such as this. Each set deals with a different artist or school and contains 24 fine Miniatures (of the size shown) and a 32-page Album, in which the artists and their work are discussed, and in which the prints can be affixed in given spaces.

A SUGGESTION: To acquaint yourself visually with the project, we suggest that you send for this single set of 24 Miniatures of MASTERPIECES OF LEONARDO DA VINCI. Or, if you wish to subscribe now on a continuing basis, you can do so with the right to stop whenever you please. Especially valuable sets that will shortly follow will present the work of Michelangelo and Toulouse-Lautrec. As a subscriber you will receive with your first Album, and with every sixth thereafter, a handsome Portfolio in which the Albums may be kept for constant enjoyment and reference. The price for each set is \$1.25, including the Album.

Thus, eventually, the most interesting and most representative work of every period, school and great painter from leading museums here and in Europe will be encompassed. In effect, as it proceeds, the project will be an informal but comprehensive course, carried on by the Museum, in both the history and appreciation of art. Yet the plan is of such a nature that it can be enjoyed by persons of all ages.



MONA LISA

PRICE FOR THE FULL SET
OF 24 MINIATURES

*including a 32-page Album
containing explanatory notes
about the artist and his work:* **\$1.25**

PLEASE NOTE: Since The Metropolitan Museum is unequipped to handle the details involved in this project, it has arranged to have the Book-of-the-Month Club, of New York, act as its national distributor. The selection of subjects and the preparation of the color prints remain wholly under the supervision of the Museum. All matters having to do with distribution are handled by the Book-of-the-Month Club.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, INC.
345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

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AS A DEMONSTRATION... please send me the 24 Miniatures
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with the privilege of stopping at any time. The series im-
mediately following will be 24 famous paintings from the
Hapsburg Collection.

DO NOT ENCLOSE MONEY • A BILL WILL BE SENT

POSTAGE AND HANDLING CHARGE, WHICH WILL NOT EXCEED
10¢ PER SERIES, WILL BE ADDED

"A horse remodeled our home!"

Says VIRGINIA MAYO, co-starring in "THE IRON MISTRESS"
A Warner Bros. Production — Color by Technicolor



"Michael O'Shea's too generous a husband," says Virginia Mayo. "He gave me a horse — and revolutionized our lives. Now we practically make our home in the stables!"



"Grooming horses and keeping the stables trim..."



"It's awfully hard on my hands, but Jergens Lotion..."



"Quickly makes them soft and smooth again."



Being a liquid, Jergens is absorbed by thirsty skin.

CAN YOUR LOTION OR HAND CREAM PASS THIS FILM TEST?

To soften, a lotion or cream should be absorbed by upper layers of skin. Water won't "bead" on hand smoothed with Jergens Lotion. It contains quickly-absorbed ingredients that doctors recommend, no heavy oils that merely coat the skin with oily film.



See why stars choose Jergens Lotion 7-to-1.

Remember JERGENS LOTION... because you care for your hands!

15c, 37c, 65c, \$1.15. Made in Canada

BEAUTY

Memo

from

Rosemary



The cold in the head . . . may still baffle medical science but at least we can offer you a few tested prescriptions calculated to help you live through one more gracefully . . .

Audible sniffles and a rosy nose . . . are the two most unattractive aspects of a head cold. For the first we recommend a doctor's prescription for medicated drops, and for the second, a heavier, rather than darker foundation, to cover the inflamed area. Constant nose-mopping will remove some of it, so keep a damp foundation-soaked sponge handy in a plastic case to touch up the damage. A light application of skin lotion or liquefying cream under your foundation will keep the complexion soft and chap-free.

An overworked nose . . . will respond to kindness during these trying days. Soothe the irritated skin at the base of the nose with a light penetrating cream every night. Leave it on while you bathe or shower, and add a rich lubricating cream for overnight to keep the skin from peeling or flaking.

Chapped lips . . . sometimes accompany a cold, so protect them by extending your lipstick just a little beyond the natural lip line. For best results, use a lip-brush.

Make sure there's a pocket . . . in your jacket, skirt or blouse so that you can keep a supply of tissues within quick and easy reach—in case of emergencies.

The drugstore atmosphere . . . can be aired from your handbag with a few little tricks such as keeping a perfumed handkerchief tucked away in a corner, or carrying your cold tablets in one of those tiny jeweled pill cases now on the market. By the way, pastel tissues are pretty when you have to carry them by the dozen. Make sure, too, that your comb and powder puff are clean—you'll be opening your handbag oftener these days for pills, tissues and facial touch-ups.

Use light and breezy perfumes . . . Spicy or musky scents may irritate inflamed nasal tissues, so store them until the cold bout is over.

Don't frame your misery . . . with dark colors near your face. Keep the neckline area bright with scarves or light-colored blouses, costume jewelry or flowers. And wear a true-red lipstick without even a suggestion of blue.

Unmanageable hair and puffy eyes . . . often go hand in hand with a head cold. Fight the first with dry shampoos and frequent brushing, and the second with nightly eye baths or soothing eye lotions. Wear your rouge high and away from the eyes and make sure your mascara is water-repellent.

Compact, double-duty cold reliever . . . There's a new gadget on the market that looks exactly like a lipstick and combines an inhalator and nose drops.

BUY-LINES by Nancy Sasser

AN ADVERTISING PAGE



To introduce myself and BUY-LINES to readers of this magazine by an unceremonious "Hello" may lack dignity... yet what's the need of formality between friends? And I'm sure that many of us are already old-time acquaintances... meeting time and again through my column in Reader's Digest. In fact, your welcome to BUY-LINES there is the reason I've been asked to settle down in this magazine on this particular page for 1953... to chat with you each month about Brand Name products that will prove budget-wise and profitable shopping "buy-lines" for you...

BEGIN THE NEW YEAR right... by really cutting down your money problems! How? Simple... by adopting a family-finance plan which allows for both saving and borrowing! Naturally, saving comes first... regular saving for some real, reasonable goal like a "fridge" or a car. And, remember, it's also a genuine form of saving when your husband takes out a **BANK OF MONTREAL Personal Loan**... provided it's for some useful purpose such as a bargain in furnishings you've just found. That's because you pay up by regular installments the same way as you save. Yet all the time you're enjoying what you've been wanting sooner than possible otherwise. And you'll like the B of M's very low interest rate! So let me urge you to open your Savings Account at "My Bank" tomorrow... and don't forget to ask for "Personal Planning," the B of M's **FREE BOOKLET** on saving, borrowing and generally managing money despite today's high prices. I find it practical and stimulating... I'm sure you will, too!

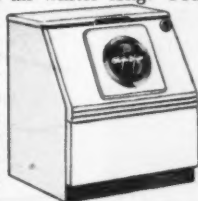


EVERY MOTHER learns one thing early in her "career"... that her baby's skin is *thinner* than a grown-up's... it chafes much more easily and can be injured sooner. That's why so many modern mothers bathe their babies with **BABY'S OWN SOAP**... then follow with a soothing application of **BABY'S OWN OIL** and **BABY'S OWN POWDER**. I know



I do... for they're made by specialists especially for babies... contain all the right ingredients to protect a baby's thinner skin from harm. Take **BABY'S OWN SOAP**, for example... it's not only mild and gentle, but is enriched with bland, soothing Extract of Lanolin... a highly concentrated form of pure Lanolin that's so like the natural skin oil it helps guard against chapping, chafing and irritation. And the pure antiseptic **OIL** is also enriched with protective Lanolin... while the **POWDER** is made from the finest imported Italian Talc. So baby your baby these windy winter days... by following **BABY'S OWN** 3-step protection every day!

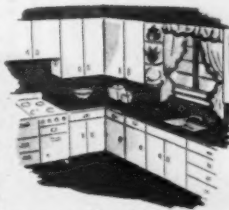
WHY IN THE WORLD should you be a work horse on washday... or risk exposure by drying the family wash week after week all winter long? You don't have to, you know... for with a **WESTINGHOUSE Electric Clothes Dryer** you can escape washday work and weather worries *completely*! That's because it dries your clothes *automatically*... you just load it, set it and forget it! Your **WESTINGHOUSE Clothes Dryer** does the rest... dries every piece sunshine sweet, ready to put away... or you can take items from the Dryer already dampened *evenly* for ironing. This isn't just my opinion, either... most women I know tell me that it's the equipment they want most for their homes. Want one, too? Of course, you do and you can easily afford it... for only a few dollars will put a **WESTINGHOUSE Clothes Dryer** in your home tomorrow and you can pay for it on terms to suit your budget. So don't take chances with your health... see your Westinghouse Dealer today!



NOW COOKING IS ALWAYS A PLEASURE! That's right... my new **GURNEY Gas Range** has changed my kitchen from a "work-room" to a "fun-room." I mean that... its designers have thought of *everything* to make cooking easier. And what exciting features it "boasts"... take that **GURNEY** automatic clock control, for instance, and the interior oven light so you can't be "in-the-dark" about what goes on inside the oven. Above all, I like the special **GURNEY "Even-Heat"** oven... for it keeps the temperature exactly right. And does it *automatically*... on the sides, the top, the bottom and even in the corners. But words can't do this wondrous **GURNEY Gas Range** justice... only seeing is believing. So let me urge you to visit your Dealer... and learn all about the new **GURNEY Gas Ranges** first hand. All of them are the last word in beauty of design... and are "kitchen-tested" for carefree cooking.



"WHAT A BEWITCHIN' KITCHEN!" That's what all my friends say now that I've installed beautiful **ARBORITE** in the busiest room in my house... for this modern colourful surfacing material is really everything you ever dreamed of (and then some!). For instance, it wipes clean with just a swish of a soapy, damp cloth... and won't stain or discolour! It's unaffected by grease, oil, alcohol, mild acids and alkalis, too... never needs painting or patching and resists boiling water temperatures and cigarette burns. In fact, I think this superb, modern surfacing panel is the perfect way to bring permanent beauty to your kitchen... so whether you're building or modernizing, I urge you to use **ARBORITE** for your dados, walls, counter tops, splashbacks, and the like. Comes in over 40 lovely colours and patterns... but write for this:



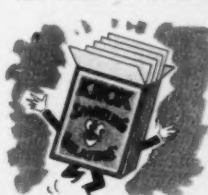
FREE BOOKLET... which is beautifully illustrated and tells you all you need to know about **ARBORITE**. Contains helpful hints galore for beautifying your home... so write Nancy Sasser, 50 King St., W., Toronto, for your copy today.

A SMART HOMEMAKER LIKE Y-O-U will be interested in this... a way to clean house and kill germs both in one simple operation. Just put "**LYSOL**" Brand Disinfectant in your cleaning water... it cleans as it disinfects! That's right... "**LYSOL**'s" soapy detergent action whisks away dirt... leaves everything it touches *cleaner* than clean. And "**LYSOL**'s" potent penetrating germicidal action seeks out and kills deadly disease germs... in cracks, crevices, between tiles, even in invisible pores of painted walls and woodwork. *Hospital-proved*, "**LYSOL**" Brand Disinfectant is 40 times more effective in killing germs than mere household bleaches. It remains active against germs for 7 days... helps protect your home with an anti-germ blanket between weekly cleanings.



And here's good news! "**LYSOL**" offers you absolutely **FREE** their new "First Aid and Sick-room Guide"... shows over a dozen ways of treating those sudden household emergencies. For your **FREE** copy, write Nancy Sasser, 50 King St., W., Toronto.

MY FAVORITE FORMULA for delicious, nutritious salads, desserts and main dishes (made the quick, easy, economical way!) can be summed up in few words... I use **KNOX Unflavored Gelatine**. It's the world's leading unflavored gelatine, you know... made from scientifically selected bone stock... is all protein with no sugar.



I also find it means surer success with every recipe... well worth the slight extra cost! So if I were you I'd use **KNOX Unflavored Gelatine**, too... and serve better meals at lower cost. You'll find wonderful recipes right in the package... but try this **Quick Tomato Aspic** first:

Soften 1 envelope **KNOX Unflavored Gelatine** in 1/4 cup cold water. Dissolve thoroughly in 1 1/2 cups very hot tomato juice. Add 1/4 tsp. salt, 1/8 tsp. pepper and, for additional flavor, 1 tbsp. lemon juice. Other spices may be used if desired. Mold; chill until firm. Serves 4.

Sounds good? I think it's perfect... and so will you. So get **KNOX Unflavored Gelatine** today... and serve your family this luscious treat at dinner tonight.

MODESTY IS BECOMING, I know... but I can't help boasting a bit about the delicious dishes I'm serving these days. I don't deserve any of the credit, though... it belongs to **AC'CEN**, that "magic" ingredient sometimes known as pure monosodium glutamate in recipes now. And what wonders it works... makes all kinds of foods taste naturally *better*! Why? Because **AC'CEN** brings out the true, natural flavors already in soups, meats, vegetables, fish and countless other menu favorites... yet adds no flavor or aroma of its own. You don't need any special recipes when you use **AC'CEN**, either... just cook as you normally do. But make this test... and see for yourself:



Season two hamburger patties exactly as usual, cook one... and taste. Next, sprinkle a scant 1/4 tsp. **AC'CEN** on the other patty 10 minutes before cooking, then cook... and taste the difference.

That should persuade you to use **AC'CEN** as a third shaker... as regularly as salt and pepper. Good cooks always do!

COOKIES THAT CAPTIVATE are easy-to-make and easy-to-take on your budget... when you make them with **BORDEN'S Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk**. Why? Because it's nourishing whole milk and sugar already blended for you to creamy-smooth perfection... so it *saves* you time and money *while* it makes all kinds of dishes taste richer and more delicious. But don't take my word for it... try this *magic* recipe for Brownies:



Melt 1 pkg. (6 oz.) semi-sweet chocolate pieces over hot, not boiling, water. Stir in 1/2 cup (1/2 can) **BORDEN'S Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk**; remove from heat. Stir in dash of salt, 1 tsp. vanilla, 1 cup walnut meats, coarsely chopped. Turn into well greased 8" x 8" x 2" pan. Bake in mod. oven (375° F) 25 mins. While Brownies are warm, cut into bars; when cool, remove from pan.

That's just one magic recipe in this **FREE BOOKLET**... "**BORDEN'S Book of 70 Magic Recipes**." You'll want to try them all... so write Nancy Sasser, Dept. C-1, 50 King St., W., Toronto for your copy today!

You can actually FEEL the difference
in the new *Tex-made* sheets with
the "super-fine"* finish

JUST WAIT till you feel these sheets...
thrill to their super-softness... love their
washability... marvel at their low price
...and you will want to stock your linen
closet with them. Compare "TEX-made"
sheets with any other in the same price
range... feel the difference... and you
will buy "TEX-made" sheets.



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look and feel soft and smooth...

are sold white, and stay white...

retain their fine look and feel, even after many launderings...

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DOMINION TEXTILE COMPANY LIMITED



LET'S NOT WORK THE QUEEN TO DEATH TOO

BY HECTOR BOLITHO

A Laurentian holiday gave the royal visitors a second brief break in five exhausting weeks of Canadian tour.

**A famous chronicler of
the royal family's story
warns we must lighten
the crushing burdens
which shattered the
health of the late King**

THE FIRST OF AN EXCLUSIVE CHATELAINE SERIES

WHEN QUEEN VICTORIA was dying at Osborne fifty-two years ago she was so blind that her secretaries had to write their memoranda for her with special broad nibs. The ink was dried in a little copper oven, so that the writing would not be made pale with blotting-paper. The last entry in her diary, after more than sixty years of sovereignty, was of work: the words were, "Did some signing."

Nine years later, on May 4, 1910, King Edward VII struggled out of bed to receive the new Premier of Western Australia. He answered the doctor's protest—"No, I shall not give in. I shall work to the end. What use is it to be alive if one cannot work?" Two days later he died, still whispering, "I shall work to the end."

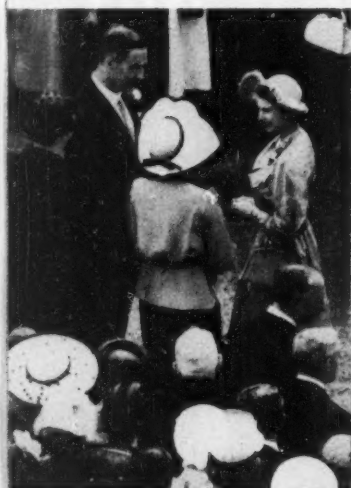
Nineteen years pass and we come to a scene in Windsor Castle, in June, 1929. King George V had endured the terrible illness and operation of the previous winter, when the churches of England were crowded by his people, praying for his recovery. On June 1 the King's temperature was 102 degrees and an abscess had burst in his side. But, eight days after, he insisted on receiving the members of the new Labor Government, in his dressing-gown, sitting in a chair. Seven years later, when George V was ill again, one of the Labor ministers stood at the King's bedside, with tears in his eyes, and said, "Your Majesty, it was your bloody guts that pulled you through."

The latest chapter in this epic of royal duty is known to all of us. From boyhood, King George VI disregarded his natural ill-health when there was work to be done. His instructors remarked on this when he was still a naval cadet in training. In 1916, after he had twice been taken ashore from his ship, prostrate with gastric pains, he had insisted on

Continued on next page

AT HOME THE QUEEN WORKS LONG HOURS, MOSTLY ON HER FEET

Miller Services



JULY 17

A typical week from the Queen's summer schedule began with greeting 7,000 Royal Garden Party guests.



JULY 20

On a sultry Sunday Queen had to dress up to visit homes in a new community, and lay the foundation stone for a church.



JULY 23

The Queen flashed a brilliant smile at little Reginald Parker, during her visit to a London hospital. She is lucky if she has an hour a day with her own children.



JULY 24

Prizegiving at the Windsor Horse Show ended a week in which she held Council, two investitures, seven audiences.

**EVEN AT THE
MOVIES SHE IS
CAUGHT IN
A RELENTLESS
ROYAL SPOTLIGHT**



COMMAND PERFORMANCE *The Queen enjoys a night at the movies but pomp and ceremony follow her to the cinema. She had to shake hands with a long line of celebrities, including soprano Patrice Munsel, at the first Royal Command Film Performance of her reign.*



Elizabeth made fashion headlines by wearing a dramatic magpie gown with new halter neckline.

ELIZABETH WANTED A QUIET CANADIAN TOUR. WE GAVE HER FIVE



returning to duty; and he was with his ship in time to act as second-in-command during the Battle of Jutland. With the same tenacity, he refused to wear the wings of the RAF as a mere ornament and, against all advice and caution, learned how to fly.

Perhaps our late King's greatest moral victory was when, at the age of thirty, he went through complete re-education in speech, working on his exercises for an hour a day during many months, so that he could overcome his stammer. This will to serve endured to the end of his life, and we know that his death was hastened because he could not, and would not, neglect his duty.

This grim record of service placed above all private suffering or wishes is at the roots of the survival of constitutional monarchy in Britain: it can be traced back to June, 1837, when Queen Victoria wrote in her diary, on the first day of her reign, "I shall do my utmost to fulfill my duty toward my country. I am very young . . . but I am sure that very few have more real goodwill and more real desire to do what is fit and right than I have."



Her Majesty had a specially warm greeting for Charlie Chaplin, recently back in his native land to make a new film, when she attended the London premiere with her sister and husband.

Her descendants were brought up to the same law: her great-great-granddaughter—Queen Elizabeth II—made her promise in the same spirit one hundred and ten years later when, on coming of age, she broadcast her dedication to her task. Then our young Queen said, "I should like to make that dedication now. It is very simple. I declare before you all that my whole life, whether it be long or short, shall be devoted to your service . . . God help me to make good my vow . . ."

On June 2 in Westminster Abbey Queen Elizabeth will intensify this dedication: in the ceremony of the Coronation she will be anointed with holy oil and from this moment she will be our sovereign, in the ancient, religious sense of the word. But her tasks will be different, and more exacting, than those of Queen Victoria or the first Elizabeth, for she rules us in terms of twentieth-century monarchy—through example rather than power. She has, in a sense, to obey the will of her people rather than impose her will on her people.

It is in understanding this word, *example*, and its companion word, *service*, that we can assess what the Queen's future is to be. Through this understanding, we can learn to realize our part—and our duty—in the pattern of monarchy. We may learn to lighten, and not to increase, the intolerable burden placed on the Queen's shoulders; a burden "from which an archangel might shrink." For it is our responsibility to watch in case, by asking too much, we lessen the span, the usefulness, and the happiness of her life.

Let us go back over the royal story to the end of World War I, when a new kind of prince captured the hearts of the British people. At the beginning of the war the Prince of Wales had leaped up the broad marble stairs of the War Office to plead with Kitchener, "What does it matter if I am shot. I have four brothers."

So he had been allowed to join his regiment in France, and for the first time since William IV fought, as a young man, at the Siege of Gibraltar

in 1780, a future king of England took part in a battle. "The Prince is always in the thick of it," wrote a private in the Coldstream Guards. "I hope, please God, he will come home safe and sound."

He came home, and while every other returned warrior was allowed to settle and make his own happiness, the Prince was sentenced to eight years of wandering in the Commonwealth; eight years of ceremonies, duties, strangers, and restlessness of spirit. Queen Mary had been the only one to protest at what might happen—at what *did* happen—to the troubled wanderer, who was never able to pause to make friends or to learn the ordinary lessons of human nature from ordinary human relationships.

No wonder Melancholy marked Edward for her own. His life was a procession of strangers, with whom he had to shake hands, smile, and then pass by. In Canada, the handshaking was so vigorous that his wrist was in constant pain and he was unable to write a letter because of this discomfort.

All this is relevant to our theme; to our examination of the tasks we impose on royalty. Neither Canada, nor the royal family, learned anything from the warning story of the Prince of Wales. Thirty-two years later, Princess Elizabeth stood in the Chateau Laurier in Ottawa and shook hands with over fifteen hundred people: in six days she shook hands with thirty-one thousand people; she inspected eleven guards of honor, made three speeches, signed eleven golden books, and listened to "God Save the King" thirty-two times.

At Toronto she endured a grueling schedule that would have taxed the strength of a stevedore. In a single day the royal couple attended sixteen functions and were stared at, affectionately but persistently, for almost thirteen hours. The ordeal began with a visit to the Canadian National Exhibition where thirty-eight thousand schoolchildren sang "The Maple Leaf Forever" and the Prince and Princess, after being welcomed by the Board of

Continued on page 56

WEEKS OF HANDSHAKING, SPEECH-MAKING, FORMALITY AND FUSS

Federal Newsphotos



By MAXINE LANE
Illustrated by Will Davies

Younger than spring

THE FIRST SEAT, third row, in Freshman English was occupied by me too early as usual on this fine April morning. All the other seats in the room spread out vast and empty, echoing the state of my inbeing, toward the open window on the other side of the room. There were crocuses on the other side of that window, and new blades of grass and soft, warm, damp earth. Spring was out there—burgeoning, bursting, awaring and hurting.

For eight months I had been in this torture seat early, hoping for a miracle—hoping that Thad Williams, our English teacher, might get here a little ahead of time and notice me.

As the crocuses reached through the window whispering of new grass and its green promise some futile thing inside me twisted and hurt. I should be lingering outside with the weather instead of punishing myself here in this quiet cool room. I picked up my book and was about to rise, when, suddenly, on this magic day, the door opened and there he was, brief case tucked under his arm, the dear, familiar, slightly perplexed look on his face. He looked about the room, then, as his eyes came into focus, he smiled. "Good morning, Miss Blake," and the room was a sylvan glade where cloven hoof prints cavorted in pairs up to a fern green pool to drown themselves in ecstasy.

Thad—always Thad to me in thinking places—laid the brief case on the desk. His face, usually so serious, had a remote, faraway look this morning, almost dreamy. Looking at him, it seemed as though there had never been a time when I hadn't known him. As though there hadn't been a time before I came to

Stockton where, by the grace of a scholarship and a job waiting tables in Thrait Hall and doing the second-floor bathrooms on Saturday, I was going to get at least two years of college. I wasn't alone in the way I felt about Thad. The love-line stretched many corridors, but by the heftiness of my persistence, I was first: first in my seat every morning—hoping; first in handing in assignments—getting only a B for it; first in offering to stay after hours for extracurricular chores and always being edged out by Nadine Chandler, who had long golden hair purloined, I say, from the mint.

A half-grown breeze riffled through the papers on Thad's desk and his eyes went to the open window.

"Spring's out there," I heard someone say, then, aghast at my boldness, began to tremble.

"Yes," he said, without looking at me, "it is, isn't it?"

"It certainly is," I said inanely, but with force.

He scraped back his chair, crossed to the window and leaned on one arm, turning to face me. The light behind him etched his features in shadow, but the blackness of his hair was a startling ache in contrast to the wide tan shoulders of his sports jacket. My thoughts flapped about like feathered things. For the first time—the very first time—I was alone with him. Oh, come, the right word, the right look, that would bring with it identity! That would island me from the morass of hair and eyes and pleats and scarves into individuality!

"Spring is—forceful, when you're eighteen, Miss Blake," he said,

Continued on page 58



GIRLS ARE BORN THAT WAY . . . OLDER AND WISER THAN THE MEN THEY LOVE

Was it a date? they all wanted to know.
Then Polly broke the magic spell by
asking, "What on earth will you wear?"



*Can men and women who have once broken
sacred marriage vows build a happy life together?*

*Meet some of these lonely troubled people
as a United Church minister tells*

Why I marry divorcees

By REV. A. C. FORREST

MY CHURCH, the United Church of Canada, like some and unlike others, permits its ministers to officiate at ceremonies for the marriage of divorced persons. Many of the weddings which I remember with the greatest satisfaction, and many of the marriages I feel most happy about as a minister, have been those where one of the two persons had been divorced.

I would hate to lose from my church, or from the circle of my friends many husbands or wives whose first marriage failed but who have tried again successfully. In remarrying I believe many of them sought forgiveness and prayed more earnestly for strength and guidance in their second union than they did on their first wedding day. Many are very happy, living full lives. I feel that the minister who consented to provide a Christian service, say a prayer and pronounce a benediction, may have had a very important part in helping them make the most of their second chance. I've come to feel so strongly about it, that I doubt whether I could be very happy doing my work as a minister in a denomination which refused me permission to use my own discretion in such matters.

At the same time I respect the feelings of my

brother clergymen who are forbidden to remarry divorced persons, or whose consciences will not permit them to do so. I am troubled as they are by the increased casualness on this continent toward marriage and by the great numbers of married people who turn, too quickly it seems, to the divorce courts to seek a way out of a marriage which has proved difficult and for a time at least unhappy.

There have been times, I must confess, when I have been hit very hard by the incongruity of asking people to repeat after me those ancient and sacred marriage vows, when I knew they hadn't kept them the last time. I appreciate too the motives of those who feel that anything which adds to the respectability of divorce may

tend to weaken marriage. I cannot agree, however, that the lifetime happiness of sincere and often innocent people should be sacrificed to the belief that it is better to let a few suffer rather than risk in any way weakening the marriage contract.

I think if this theory were pushed to its logical conclusion the church would be asked to refuse its blessing on the penitent thief or the reformed alcoholic for fear this might encourage stealing or drinking by others. And the fact is that many times I am more concerned about the young folks I see rushing thoughtlessly into a first marriage, than about those sobered by a first failure who seek a second chance.

The first time I ever married a divorced person was at the request of a minister whose church did not allow him to officiate. He told me the story and urged me to do what he felt should be done. He attended the wedding and a year or so later invited me to visit the home of the couple on the day their first baby was christened.

Theirs was a familiar story. The girl had married very young, and soon paid dearly for her impulsiveness. Her husband, whom she had known only a short time, drank heavily and

Rev. A. C. Forrest of Port Credit, Ont., has preached in mining towns, RCAF camps. He is married and has three daughters.





couldn't hold a job. After a few months he deserted her and for years she lived in her parents' home, receiving no word from him but occasionally hearing about the kind of life he was living. She continued her work and went to church regularly, even assumed her maiden name. When in her thirties, she met a young widower in her office whom she liked, and began to wonder if it were necessary to continue to pay for her mistake with loneliness for the rest of her life.

She went to a lawyer, and as it was not difficult to find evidence of her husband's infidelity, she secured a divorce. Some months later she became engaged to her office friend, and went and talked it all over with her minister. He called me. I married them, and I was pleased that although my friend could not perform the

actual marriage service, he didn't have to make any distinction against them in their church life. The husband joined the church and later the pair became one of its most faithful and respected families.

To me this was a clear-cut case, and since then I have married many who according to my point of view had already paid dearly for the bad judgment of youth or for a hasty marriage following an infatuation.

For many years I clung to the illusion that I would marry only the "innocent" party and when a couple, one of whom had been divorced, came to me, I always enquired who had secured the divorce, and felt relieved when it was the wronged and innocent party facing me. Several denominations insist on this, but as one sees how divorce works from province to province and

state to state, one realizes how utterly impossible it is to be sure who is innocent or guilty.

I know too that many a technically innocent wife or husband had made life unbearable for the other party, and that many a person who consents to be named guilty by the divorce court may be more sinned against than sinful.

At the end of the war I found myself for some months in a chaplain's office where scores of young men just back from overseas came to me with tales of their wives' unfaithfulness during their absence, and asked advice on how to go about procuring a divorce. After I grew weary of the flimsiness of their evidence and the activity of their imaginations, I started to ask—in a way which I felt might elicit the right answer—how faithful *they* had been. With one exception, every veteran accusing *Continued on page 54*

... by pursing your mouth

DON'T TIP OFF YOUR AGE

BY MARJORIE SHEARD, WITH SOME LIGHTHEARTED HELP FROM STAGE

*The advice of these
seven observant Canadian men
will help you avoid
mannerisms that reveal
you're getting on*



... by your sloppy appearance

YOUR TRICKS of speech, facial expressions, even your thought patterns, can tell your age as decisively as crow's-feet or middle-age spread.

These are the findings of a private survey I have just completed, in which I consulted those acknowledged experts on women—men. The seven assorted males I cross-examined come from cities as diverse as Ottawa and Edmonton, professions as varied as the law and advertising. But all agreed that a woman must guard against bad personality habits if she wants to look younger longer.

"The greatest giveaway of a woman's age is her voice." So said Bruce Murray, an advertising writer with a Toronto agency. "Her voice is the first thing I notice about a woman. A soft feminine voice gets me every time. But, brother, when that voice grows harsh and aggressive I get my running shoes out. Young girls just don't have harsh aggressive voices. They're not that sure of themselves, I guess. When you hear some dame sounding off in a loud, forceful, determined way you can be pretty certain she's over twenty-five. Likely over thirty.

"In fact," went on Bruce, warming to his

subject, "being too sure of themselves in any way is bound to be an age giveaway. You know the kind of woman I mean. Always determined. Always right. *She* knows. And if you don't think the way she does, you're wrong. A girl usually can't develop *that* firm a will until she's thirty-five or forty . . ."

Morton Parker, National Film Board director who lives in Ottawa, said: "When shooting a scene you become very conscious of the posture and walk of your men and women. A young woman can age herself ten years or more just by the sag of her shoulders or listless drag of

... by sagging with despair



... by being loud and forceful



GE

AND TV STAR JANE MALLET, WHO REALLY LOOKS LIKE THIS



—John Steele



Paul Beckett Photos

... by telling off the waitress

... by a patient martyr look

her figure. Walking with a heavy step, her whole body drooping, she looks sad, hopeless, beaten by life—the very picture of middle-aged despair and pessimism. The step of youth, on the other hand, is usually quick, alive. It suggests eagerness and optimism. A woman can do a lot to keep herself young just by walking as though she still finds life exciting and worthwhile.

"She should watch the way she sits, too," continued this posture-conscious film director. "That sloppy habit of sitting squarely in a chair with the legs planted firmly apart seems peculiar

to older women. I've never seen a young woman sit quite that way . . ."

What habits does an artist think age a woman? R. York Wilson, R.C.A., O.S.A., of Toronto, an expert when it comes to appraising feminine charms, had this to say: "There are a lot of little habits women develop as they get older which they should shun like an extra piece of cream pie. Take this business of pursing the lips. A young girl's mouth is usually soft, relaxed . . . but some women get into the habit of letting their mouth reveal every displeasure, every frustration. Pursing their lips is just one

of these unfortunate mouth habits. Tightening the lips is another. Or letting the corners of the mouth definitely turn down. It requires a little thought, a little discipline for a woman to keep her mouth softly young. Young girls just haven't had sufficient frustrations to give them this bitter, querulous look around the mouth."

Norman Johnston, Toronto public relations consultant, said: "Too often we read about the bad manners of teen-agers—yet adolescents have no monopoly on rudeness. Take, for instance, that nasty habit of ticking off those who serve you in public. I think

Continued on page 51



*"Money in the bank? I've got a baby in a high chair!"
Tom told Uncle Phelps. "Stocks and bonds? I've got
a living, breathing, yelling investment in tomorrow."*

Banking on love

... AND BETTING ON
BABIES. HOW COULD
THEY POSSIBLY LOSE?

ONE EVENING ABOUT two years ago Tom Eldridge and his pretty young wife were enjoying each other's company in their pleasant apartment. Relaxing on the couch after an all-day battle with account books at the office, Tom never dreamed of trouble until Jean stirred in his arms and revived an argument as old as their year of marriage.

"I'm not asking much," she said, teasing but serious. "Do I throw your salary around? Do I splurge on clothes like some women?" She sighed. "And this is such a little thing to ask."

"We don't need a baby," he said firmly. "We don't want a baby. We can't afford a baby."

"But, Tom, babies are the biggest bargain on today's market. Statistics. It was in a magazine article. For less than nine hundred dollars the first year, we can produce an heir."

"Heir to what? Our unpaid bills? And I suppose the kid would be self-supporting after the first year."

"Less than nine hundred dollars," she repeated. "When you stop to think what a used car or the down payment on a house would cost—" *Continued on page 44*



BY ELEANOR RATIGAN

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK BUSH



BEWARE OF PHONY

DON'T BE FOOLED BY THE HIGH-PRESSURE OPERATORS WHO TRY TO TRICK YOU INTO BUYING DUBIOUS STOCK, "FREE" COUPONS AND RARE FAMILY HEIRLOOMS. THEY FIGURE ALMOST ANY WOMAN IS A SUCKER FOR A BARGAIN

By Ken Johnstone

A MIDDLE-AGED woman, intelligent-looking and well-dressed, walked into the office of the Montreal Better Business Bureau one day recently and asked to see the manager "in confidence." Closeted with the manager, she opened her bag and produced a package of stock certificates. "Can you tell me what these are worth?" she asked.

The manager noted the names of the companies, shook his head sorrowfully, and made a telephone call. Over the phone he listed the stocks, listened intently, and then put down the receiver.

"Not a red cent," he told her. "Typical moose pasture. These mines are not even among the unlisted stocks. Why in the world didn't you ask us about them *before* you bought them?"

The woman looked at him, and managed a smile. "I was afraid you would tell me not to buy them," was her delightfully maddening answer.

The bargain instinct burns at white heat in most women, even tempting them into fields they know little about—such as mining, where gold at ten cents a share proves irresistible. But with today's high prices forcing women to be more bargain conscious than ever, not only phony stock salesmen but "high-pressure operators" of all kinds are exploiting this well-known feminine trait to their own profit and the victim's bitter disappointment—or actual loss.

Of some seventy types of complaint made to the Better Business Bureau by the women of Canada and the U. S. it was found that thirty involved a "bargain" come-on. Others appeal to the heart, health, hope, friendship or ignorance. Some are outright swindles, others are merely the clever dodges of overly artful salesmen who will use almost any lure to make a deal.

"Beware that bargain" is a slogan which can save many a headache. The legitimate bargain is, of course, the life of trade among many legitimate and honest merchants—and the Bureau

estimates that "legitimate and honest" covers ninety-seven percent of business with permanent locations.

Whenever you are in doubt about an offer, contact the nearest Better Business Bureau (located in Vancouver, Winnipeg, Ottawa, Toronto, Montreal, Quebec City and Halifax), which is supported by legitimate businessmen to protect you against the fast worker and the fly-by-night.

But investigate *before* you buy, not after—like the Montreal woman who bought the mining stock, or the thousands of housewives who fell for the "coupon books" offered on a large scale in Toronto, Ottawa and—to a lesser extent—Montreal, a year ago.

A Smooth Sales Talk

One Toronto woman was a typical victim. Early in October she was solicited over the telephone by a smooth-talking salesman who told her that she could buy a whole series of goods and services—seventy in all—for a mere \$1.95. He said the bargains included such things as free portraits, free laundry wash, free bowling, free electric repair service, free theatre admissions, and free car washes. One particular item caught her attention and closed the sale: a free shampoo. She sent her \$1.95 as directed and in due course received her coupon book, which contained tickets entitling her to all the "bargains" that had been listed over the phone.

Immediately she called the beauty salon that offered the free shampoo to ask for an appointment.

"Oh, yes," she was told. "We'll put your name down for some time in January."

"But," she pointed out in alarm, "the coupon expires at the end of December."

"What a pity," came the reply. "But we are booked up solid for the balance of the year."

When she telephoned the Better Business Bureau to protest she learned that complaints

about the coupon books were coming in at the rate of six hundred calls a day, jamming the Bureau's telephone switchboard. Yet this racket was perfectly legal. All the Bureau could do was to warn people not to be taken in by the so-called "bargains."

She did learn, however, how the racket operated. The local merchants whose coupons appeared in the book had all acted in good faith when they were persuaded by a "sales promotion" agent to make some minor concession to anyone presenting a passbook bearing the store's name, in order to attract new customers. The woman who came for a free shampoo was not likely to leave without a fingerwave at the regular price; the housewife who used her ticket for a free movie would probably bring along a husband who'd have to pay. The agent told merchants that sales of the booklets would be limited—and that's where the promoter double-crossed both shops and shoppers.

The promoter, who had just stepped off a train from the U. S., quickly set up a "boiler room" where a squad of thirty-five girls divided the telephone book between them and started calling Toronto housewives. The moment a customer said, "Yes," a boy on a bicycle was dispatched to deliver the coupons and collect the money on the spot, while a whiz-bang radio advertising campaign lured new customers with the chant "*Win* sixty dollars' worth of merchandise or services for less than two dollars."

The bargain-minded housewife who bought a book did find that one coupon entitled her to six bottles of a popular carbonated beverage at any grocery store. She could also get her photograph taken at a small photo salon without paying a cent—provided she could resist all efforts of the studio to sell her extra prints. But most of the coupon offers involved buying something else as well: she could get three bundles of laundry washed free and several pairs of pants dry-cleaned by going to several

Y BARGAINS

scattered cleaning shops—provided her order was accompanied by other garments to be cleaned at regular prices.

But what happened was that the promoter sold thousands of books and every merchant concerned was swamped with far more bargain business than he could possibly handle, so that the net result for him was frustrated angry customers—and probably less business than he had before. But when aroused merchants went after the "sales promotion" man, they found he had vanished.

The "Rebuilt" Bargain

In fact, the essence of this whole operation was speed. Two separate coupon books were offered in Toronto by two different groups, one from Minneapolis and the other from Boston. Three weeks later the promoters were in Ottawa. But by the time they opened in Montreal, the Better Business Bureau there—forewarned by the Toronto and Ottawa Bureaus—had enlisted the co-operation of local radio stations to alert housewives, and after a meagre two-week campaign the American supersalesmen left town in disgust.

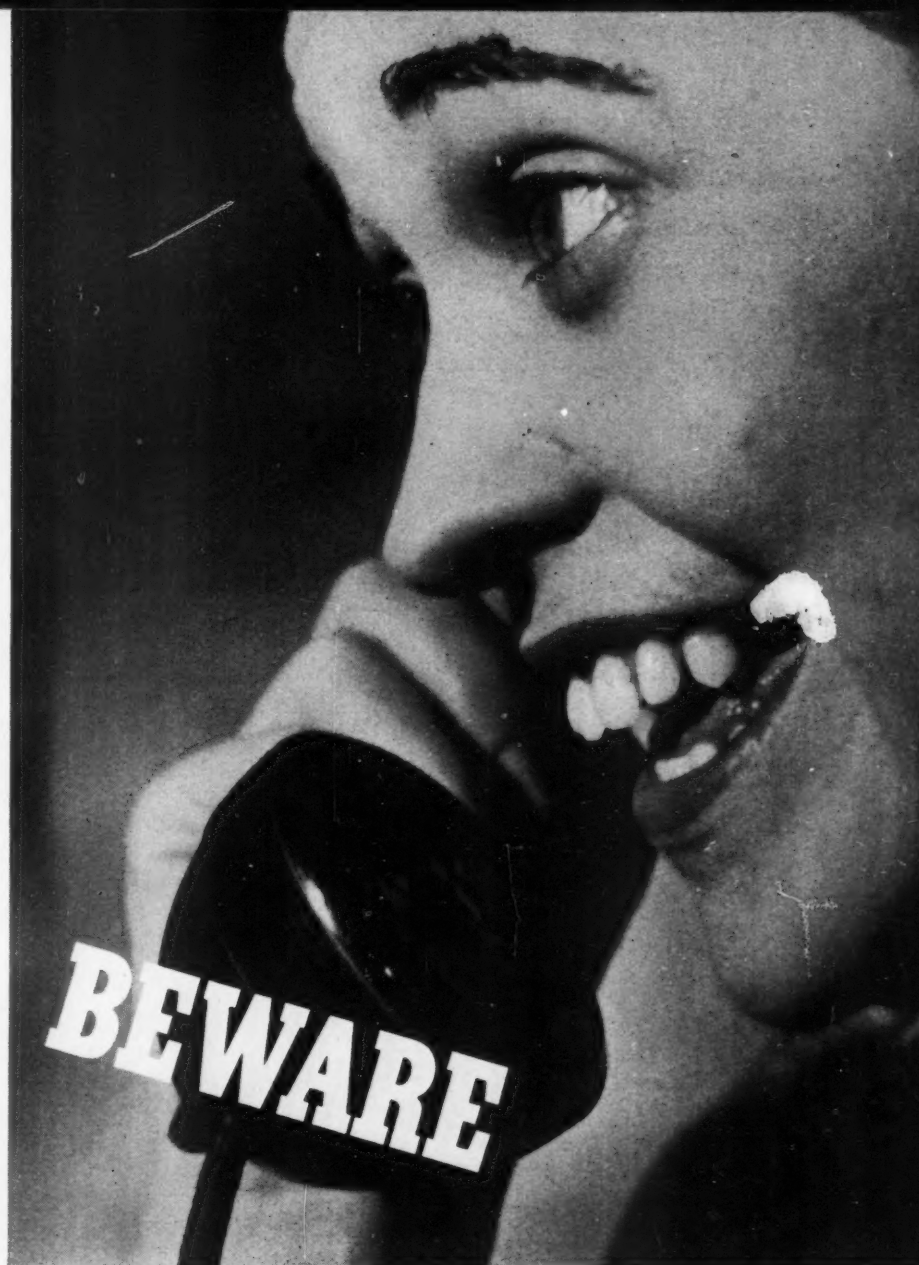
"But," warns the Better Business Bureau, "like the robins, they'll be back." This is a long-established racket, based on the gullibility of supposedly hard-headed merchants and the housewife's normal instinct for a bargain.

Other sales dodges are baited with "bargains" and "special offers" which prove to be no bargain at all, even though the housewife may get what she pays for. The fact that the customer's resulting anger and sense of being "done" will probably make her leery of the next legitimate bargain she encounters, makes honest businessmen as anxious as the consumer to expose such sharp practices.

A housewife in a Maritime city reported to her Better Business Bureau that she had answered an advertisement in a newspaper offering a well-known make of vacuum cleaner "beautifully rebuilt in our factory—only twenty dollars."

A demonstrator duly appeared with the machine, but it did not operate nearly so well as she had been led to expect from the performance of similar machines in the homes of friends. The demonstrator tactfully pointed out that the machine, after all, was some thirty years old—and proceeded to stage an impressive demonstration of a brand-new model of another make which outperformed the secondhand machine in every respect. Only after he had left with her signed

Continued on page 50



Beware the fast-talking telephone salesman. Thousands of housewives in Ottawa, Toronto and Montreal bought coupon books this way which offered \$60 worth of merchandise for \$2, then couldn't collect. The promoter fooled both shops and shoppers.



Beware the photographer who says "your child has been chosen to enter a nationwide child beauty contest." Contests don't work that way—and good photographers don't have to sell their pictures with such "come-ons."



JOAN'S FIRST PURCHASES WERE STYLE-RIGHT AND PRACTICAL — A KNITTED CLOCHE, TRIM TURTLE-NECKED JERSEY AND WIDE BELT.

Joan Learns to Shop

A 14-YEAR-OLD GETS HER FIRST CHANCE TO CHOOSE HER OWN CLOTHES, BUT LEARNS THAT SHE CAN OFTEN MAKE A SMARTER BUY WITH MOTHER'S EXPERIENCED ADVICE

by **Rosemary Boxer**

Fashion & Beauty Editor

JOAN CARNEGIE, a blue-eyed, fourteen-year-old suburban Toronto high-school student, had reached the age where she felt she knew enough about clothes to do her own shopping without mother's help. Like most mothers, however, Mrs. G. W. Carnegie wasn't sure that her young daughter had the judgment or knowledge of fabric and style required to buy wisely on her own. She admitted, too, that she was a bit reluctant to see Joan grow up—all the way up—just yet.

Chatelaine wanted to help Joan and her mother resolve this friendly conflict—which is not unusual between modern daughters and their

mothers. So we arranged a shopping tour, offering to act as adviser and referee over the good-natured arguments about clothes; but mostly we played the role of spectator with a camera as Joan Carnegie took her first lesson in how to shop.

Joan was after the kind of winter wardrobe any teen-ager would require. A first-form student at Earl Haig Collegiate, Joan takes an active part in school activities, likes skating and ballet dancing, and has a lively outside interest in dramatics. She appeared at the age of nine in a Hart House production, has had radio parts, and more recently, helped to do the commercials in the Big Revue on Toronto TV.

We planned the shopping expedition this way: Joan was to make her own choices, her mother was to comment on these selections and Chatelaine would decide who was right and why.

One of Joan's first selections was a three-piece skirt, weskit and blouse outfit in grey gabardine. This happy choice started the tour off on an agreeable note because Joan's mother said at once that it was "just the thing for a young schoolgirl." We added our praises because co-ordinates in a neutral shade such as grey can be worn as a complete ensemble or be teamed with Joan's other skirts and casual separates.

A few minutes later, Joan picked out the antique taffeta party dress with rhinestone trim and scooped neckline. Mrs. Carnegie's choice, on the other hand, was a navy crepe with buttoned bodice, peter pan collar and horizontal taffeta trim on the skirt. "This one," said Mrs. Carnegie, "is really more suitable for a girl Joan's age." However, we were inclined to agree with Joan in this instance because while Mrs. Carnegie's selection was practical and good-looking, it lacked style and was just a shade too "little girlish" for Joan's maturing figure.

A later choice of Joan's brought a gasp of dismay from her mother. It was an imitation white fur fabric skirt. "Isn't this wonderful?" said an excited Joan. "But look," her mother put in firmly, "just where and how often would you wear a thing like that—it's not worth \$20 to you." "But it's terrific," insisted Joan.

We stepped in at this point to back up Mrs. Carnegie. We pointed out that a girl of fourteen would have little or no opportunity to wear a skirt of this type which would be more suitable for an older, more sophisticated girl—and even she couldn't wear it too often. For the same price, Joan could have bought a skirt and a couple of sweaters or blouses.

The end result of all this easy-going give and take was a well co-ordinated wardrobe for an active teen-age schoolgirl as shown by our pictures.

Both Mrs. Carnegie and Joan plan now to do Joan's shopping together—and perhaps mother's too.

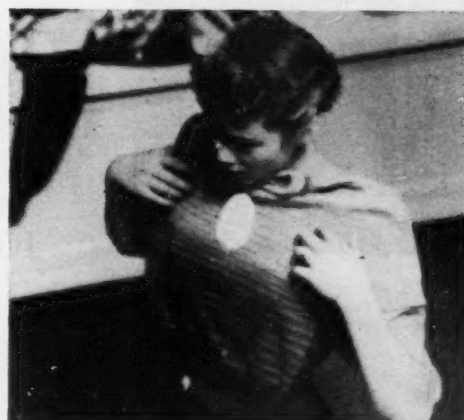
"I guess I could use mother's experience with clothes after all," Joan finally declared. "Everybody in our block says she always looks smart."

Mrs. Carnegie said she hadn't any idea Joan knew so much about clothes. "But then," she went on, "she was bound to—for the past year she's been reading nothing but fashion magazines! However, I'm going shopping with her for a while yet—just in case she falls for another fur skirt."

The pictures on these pages take you along, step by step, on Joan's fledgling shopping tour.



Mrs. Carnegie chose this sweater. Joan was right, however, when she said that the bold contrasting stripes were too strong for her figure and wouldn't go with her skirts. We agreed.



Joan's choice was a plainer classic pull-over. She wanted a better teammate for all her separates, from suits and skirts to sportswear. We agreed that it was a good double-duty buy.



A navy crepe dress with a peter pan collar for Joan's dress-up dates was picked by her mother. Joan called it "babyfied," and although it was practical, Chatelaine agreed with her.



We approved the teen-ager's choice of the navy antique taffeta with rhinestone trim she's wearing, but agreed with Mrs. Carnegie that the décolleté outfit Joan is eyeing was too high style.



Mother and daughter agreed that the storm coat the saleslady is holding would be practical for school; but we thought that the grey poodle cloth Joan chose was better than her mother's choice of a beige wrap-over camel hair because it wouldn't soil so quickly and had more style.



JOAN SHOWED FLAIR, BUT FELL FOR SOME FADS

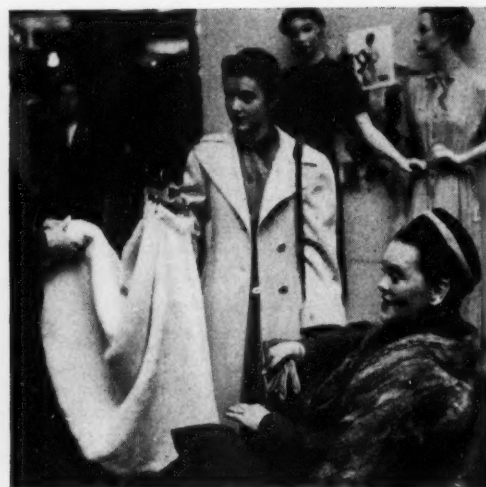
Three Bad Buys



Poodle Cloth may have been good for Joan's coat, but Mrs. Carnegie agreed with us that in this skirt and stole it was too bulky for Joan's figure.



We all liked the brightly colored striped taffeta skirt on Joan, but she took all our combined convincing that the brief pearl studded velvet halter was much too sophisticated for a fourteen-year-old.



A "fad" skirt of white imitation fur fabric got an enthusiastic once-over from Joan. But as her mother pointed out, Joan wouldn't be able to wear it very often and would soon tire of it.

Three Good Buys



← **A versatile** three-piece outfit (skirt, weskit and blouse) picked out by Joan brought a commending smile from everybody. Joan will be able to team each piece with all her other casual daytime costumes.



→ **Toreador slacks** certainly come under the fad heading but Joan will wear them often because she, like other teens, does a lot of entertaining and lounging at home. She'll also team the wool turtleneck sweater and gaily striped waist cincher with her other separates.

← **Loafer-type** shoes, with more style than plain saddleshoes, are Joan's choice for school- and day-wear. However, for dress-up occasions, she prefers the lower-heeled pumps. The more styled loafers are not only more flattering for teenagers, but much kinder to young growing feet than the ordinary flats.



PHOTOS BY DESMOND RUSSELL

Winter Weather is SOUP WEATHER

3 Hot ideas for cold days



ANNE MARSHALL
Director Home Economics
Campbell Soup Company Ltd

BY Anne Marshall

ON SHIVERY DAYS... when the wind whistles... soup is particularly appealing. The look of it... steam rising. The smell of it... fragrant and appetizing. The taste of it... savory and warming. That's why meals built around soup are so welcome.

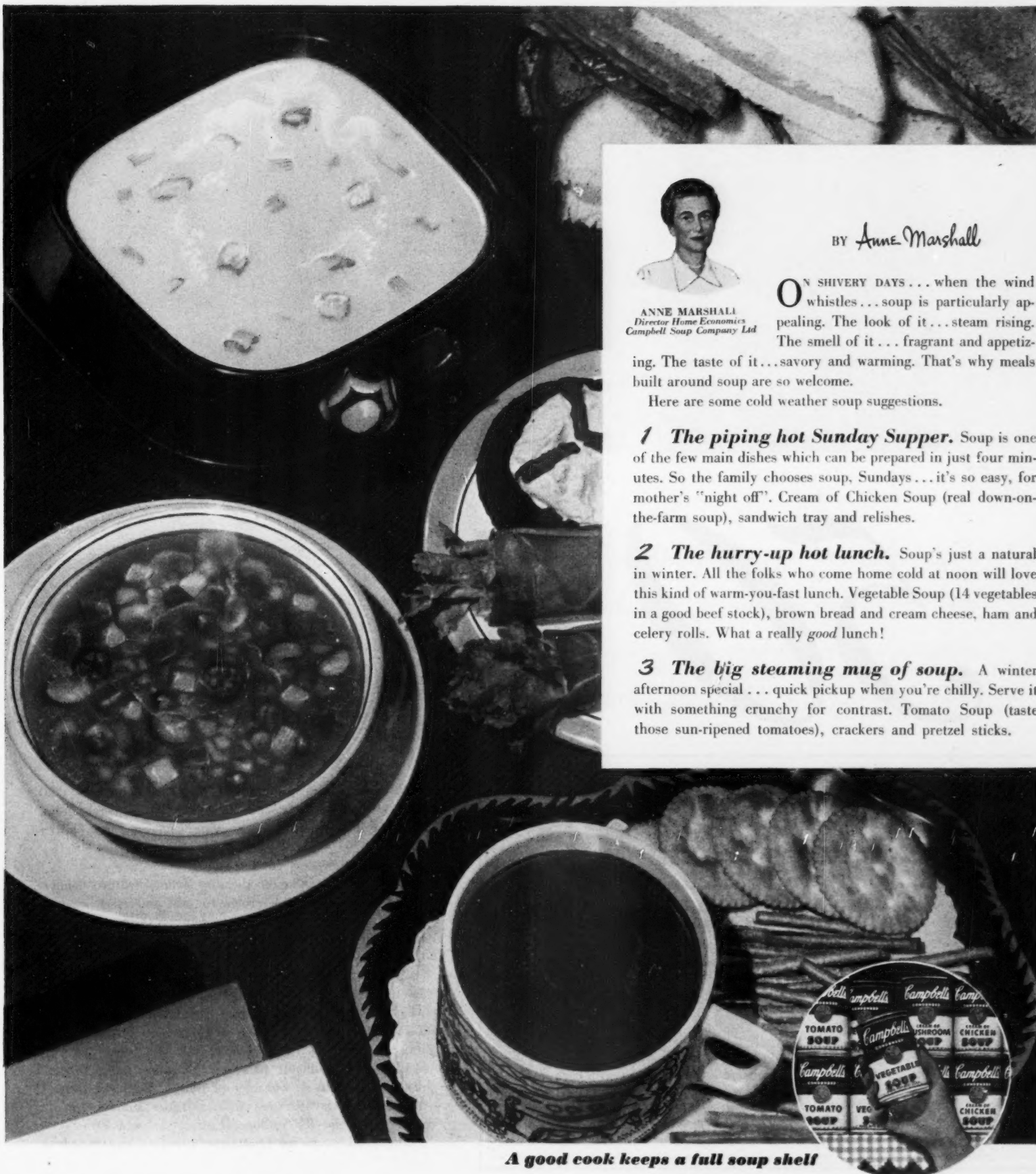
Here are some cold weather soup suggestions.

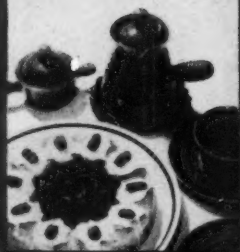
1 The piping hot Sunday Supper. Soup is one of the few main dishes which can be prepared in just four minutes. So the family chooses soup, Sundays... it's so easy, for mother's "night off". Cream of Chicken Soup (real down-on-the-farm soup), sandwich tray and relishes.

2 The hurry-up hot lunch. Soup's just a natural in winter. All the folks who come home cold at noon will love this kind of warm-you-fast lunch. Vegetable Soup (14 vegetables in a good beef stock), brown bread and cream cheese, ham and celery rolls. What a really good lunch!

3 The big steaming mug of soup. A winter afternoon special... quick pickup when you're chilly. Serve it with something crunchy for contrast. Tomato Soup (taste those sun-ripened tomatoes), crackers and pretzel sticks.

A good cook keeps a full soup shelf





Harold K. White

Out of Mrs. T. M. Miller's Winnipeg oven comes our cover coffee cake.

50 FAVORITE

CHERRY-FILLED COFFEE CAKE

Mrs. T. M. Miller, Winnipeg

1 3/4 cups sifted bread flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
3/4 cup sugar

1/4 cup shortening
1 egg, unbeaten
1/2 cup milk
1/2 teaspoon vanilla

Sift flour, baking powder, salt and sugar into large mixing bowl. Cut in shortening. Add egg, milk and vanilla all at once. Mix until combined.

Filling:

1/4 cup brown sugar
1/2 cup raisins

1/4 teaspoon cinnamon
2/3 cup cherry jam

Spread one half of dough in bottom of a deep 8-inch greased cake pan. Mix brown sugar, raisins and cinnamon together. Sprinkle over top of dough. Spread jam on top of sugar mixture. Then drop remaining dough from a tablespoon around outer edge of pan. Bake in a hot oven (425 deg. F.) for 25 to 30 minutes. Set on a cake rack till nearly cool. Garnish with more cherry jam in the centre and top each biscuit mound around the edge with icing and a pecan.

Note: For an extra quick coffee cake, use 2 cups prepared biscuit mix; add 1/2 cup sugar, 1 egg and 1/2 cup milk and proceed as above.

With its third annual appearance, Chatelaine's "50 Favorite Recipes" is becoming a Good Old Canadian Custom, like, the home-and-school cooking sale and the church supper.

And for the same good reason.

All three of these good-eating events feature family-tested dishes, from casseroles to pies and tarts—and as usual Chatelaine's 50 Favorites represent the pick of all those submitted by the more than 2,000 members of our Consumer Council.

"I won first prize with my Golden Date Cake last week at our fair," wrote Mrs. N. Green of Aldergrove, B.C., and what was good enough for the Aldergrove fall fair judges also started mouths watering in Chatelaine Institute when the 50 were chosen.

"The most difficult part was choosing *one* favorite," declared Mrs. R. A. Schaefer of Bolton, Ont. "I think I must have 50 favorites myself." But Mrs. Schaefer finally chose her recipe for Scalloped Fish. (See page 30).

The good cooks in Chatelaine Institute have tried to



Sausage and Sweet Potato Casserole from Mrs. D. G. Elliot, Gardenvale, Quebec.

RECIPES

The third edition of Chatelaine's January cookbook brings you a lively variety of family-tested favorites from Tuna Noodles to Pumpkin Cake

include new favorites as well as old—unusual dishes like the Sausage and Sweet Potato Casserole, from Mrs. D. G. Elliot, of Gardenvale, Que., and the Sour Cream Sugar Twists offered by Mrs. R. A. Howie, of St. Lambert, Que.

Since more dessert, cake and cookie recipes were submitted than anything else, it's only fitting that our cover recipe should be the delicious Cherry-filled Coffee Cake offered by Mrs. T. M. Miller of Winnipeg.

Chatelaine's photographer had barely snapped Mrs. Miller taking her coffee cake out of the oven, as seen above, than oldest son Charlie (eleven) rushed out the door for Cubs, munching a piece of mother's specialty, leaving youngest son Michael (two) and in-betweens Gerry (seven) and Allan (five) digging into *their* portions with all the gusto of three young Hopalongs after a hard day on the range. Mrs. Miller, who's been a Chatelaine Councilor for five years and is an ardent painter in oils, admits she seldom goes to the trouble of dressing up her coffee cake with the icing and pecans as shown on the cover. Her husband and the boys just won't wait that long to eat it.

SAUSAGE AND SWEET POTATO CASSEROLE

Mrs. D. G. Elliot, Gardenvale, Que.

2 pounds of sweet potatoes
1 pound of pork sausages
3 to 4 apples
Brown sugar
1 tablespoon flour

1 cup water
1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce
3 tablespoons tomato catsup
Salt and pepper

Peel, slice and parboil sweet potatoes. Brown sausages in frying pan. Place potatoes and sausages in layers in casserole and slice apples on top. Sprinkle with brown sugar. Pour off most of the fat from the frying pan and add flour and remaining ingredients. Bring to boil and pour over casserole. Cover and cook for 30 minutes at 350 deg. F. Remove cover and cook another 10 minutes or until brown.

A seafood supper dish, an orange cake and a versatile pie . . . just three of 50 Favorites



TUNA NOODLE RING

Mrs. A. W. Ney, Port Stanley, Ont.

- | | |
|-----------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1 package noodles | 1 can solid pack tuna |
| 1½ cups medium white sauce | 2 tablespoons butter |
| 1 cup grated cheddar cheese | Salt and pepper |
| 2 hard-cooked eggs | |

Cook noodles, drain and pack in hollow-centred jelly mold. Dot with butter and bake in oven 375 deg. for 25 minutes. Make white sauce and stir in cheese and sliced eggs and tuna fish which has been flaked with a fork, butter and seasoning. Keep hot in double boiler. When ready to serve turn noodle ring on to a platter—fill centre with second mixture. Garnish with parsley and serve piping hot.



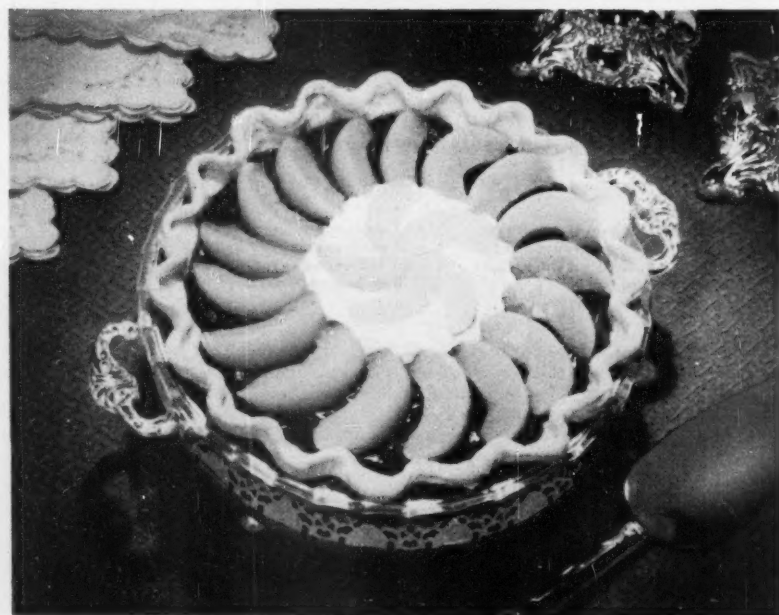
ORANGE LOAF CAKE

Mrs. J. W. Burge, Broadview, Sask.

- | | |
|--|--------------------------------|
| 2 cups sifted cake flour | 1 cup sugar |
| 2 teaspoons double-action baking powder OR | ½ cup butter or margarine |
| 4 teaspoons fast-acting baking powder | 2 teaspoons grated orange rind |
| ¾ teaspoon salt | ⅔ cup milk |
| | 5 egg yolks, unbeaten |

Sift together flour, baking powder, salt and sugar. Cream butter and orange rind until well blended and fluffy. Add dry ingredients, half the milk and egg yolks. Stir until mixed, then beat for 2 minutes with electric mixer or 300 strokes by hand. Add remaining milk. Beat 1 minute (150 strokes). Pour into a greased 5½ x 9½ inch cake pan lined with greased waxed paper. Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 1 hour to 1 hour and 10 minutes. Cool. Frost with butter icing flavored with 2 tablespoons orange juice and 1 teaspoon grated orange rind.

Note: Shortening may be substituted for butter or margarine if milk is increased to ¾ cup.



MY VERSATILE PIE

Mrs. M. Stone, Toronto

- | | |
|------------------------|---|
| Baked 9-inch pie shell | 1 to 1½ cups fresh or canned fruit, drained |
| 1 jelly powder | Whipped cream |

Make up jelly following instructions on package but using 2 tablespoons less water. Chill until almost set and put into baked pie shell. Arrange drained fruit on top of jelly and garnish with whipped cream. Vary the jelly powder and vary the fruit—you have a host of flavor combinations at your fingertips.

More Favorites overpage

Only Robin Hood Fresh Egg Cake Mixes

...give you such richness, such velvety tenderness!

HERE'S WHY

You add your own fresh egg. No dried eggs in these marvelous mixes.



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SEE FOR YOURSELF
TRY THIS LUSCIOUS RECIPE!

MINT CHOCOLATE MAGIC CAKE

so quick, so easy, so wonderful-tasting!

1 package **ROBIN HOOD WHITE CAKE MIX**
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lukewarm water • 1 egg • 1 teaspoon vanilla

Mix according to easy directions on side panel of package. Bake in 8-inch layer pans in moderate oven (350° F.) about 20 minutes. Then out of your oven will come two of the highest, lightest, tenderest layers you ever made with a mix.

When cake cools, frost with Mint Chocolate Frosting.

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup water • 2 tablespoons butter
 2 squares (2 ounces) unsweetened chocolate, melted
 3 cups icing sugar • $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon peppermint extract

Heat water and butter; add melted chocolate. Add icing sugar; beat until of spreading consistency. Add peppermint extract and blend.

Robin Hood
White Cake
mix



Robin Hood
Chocolate
Cake mix



When you add your own fresh egg you know it's fresh.

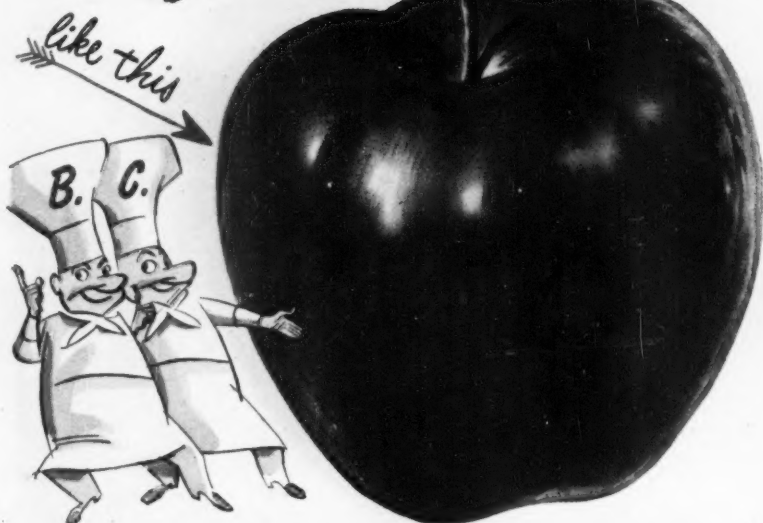


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B.C. APPLES



SUPPER DISHES

An emergency casserole to keep on your shelf, a Baked Egg luncheon dish that's been a favorite in one house for years, and a Scalloped Fish recipe the whole family calls "Super!"

CASSEROLE DINNER Mrs. R. B. Gray, Edmonton



1 package noodles
1 can corned beef
1/2 cup chopped onion

1 can condensed cream of chicken soup
1 cup milk
1 cup buttered crumbs

Cook noodles in boiling salted water. Drain and rinse. In buttered casserole place alternate layers of noodles, beef and onion. Mix soup and milk and pour over, top with buttered crumbs and bake at 375 deg. F. one hour. Serves 6 to 8.

Note: Canned pork luncheon meat may be substituted for the corned beef and macaroni for the noodles. Use any cream soup and add cubed cheese if you wish.

LIMA BEAN CASSEROLE Mrs. S. A. Hanson, Galt, Ont.

2 cups dried lima beans
1/8 teaspoon baking soda
1 1/2 teaspoons salt
2 tablespoons butter or bacon fat

2 tablespoons flour
3/4 teaspoon salt, additional
1/8 teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon onion juice
2 cups sieved tomatoes

Soak beans overnight. Drain, add soda, cover with fresh boiling water and cook slowly for 1 hour. Drain again, add boiling water to cover and the 1 1/2 teaspoons salt. Cook until beans are tender. Make sauce by melting fat and adding the flour and remaining seasonings. When smooth, stir in the tomatoes and cook and stir until the sauce thickens and reaches boiling point. Pour over the cooked drained beans and serve.

Note: I often make sauce, combine with beans and put into oven until it bubbles — cooking bacon on top.

SCALLOPED FISH Mrs. R. A. Schaefer, Bolton, Ont.



3 tablespoons butter
1 tablespoon minced onion
2 tablespoons minced green pepper or dill pickle
1 1/2 cups hot medium white sauce
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce

2 cups flaked cooked or canned fish
1/4 teaspoon monosodium glutamate
1/2 cup grated cheese
1/4 cup soft bread crumbs

Melt butter in skillet, add onion and green pepper. Sauté until tender, add to white sauce with condiment and fish. Sprinkle with monosodium glutamate. Turn into buttered 1 1/2 quart casserole. Top with combined cheese and crumbs. Bake in 400 deg. oven for 15 minutes, or until crumbs are brown.

Note: Use green peppers with lobster, dill pickle with salmon.

TUNA FISH LOAF Mrs. C. T. FitzRandolph, Bridgetown, N.S.



1 (16-ounce) can salmon
1 (7-ounce) can tuna fish
4 hard-cooked eggs, sliced
1 cup diced celery
1 cup cooked peas
1/2 cup grated carrot
2 teaspoons parsley, finely chopped

Salt and pepper
2 envelopes unflavored gelatine
1/2 cup cold water
1 cup mayonnaise
Olives
Pimento

Mix fish, eggs, vegetables and seasoning in large bowl. Soften gelatine in cold water and melt over hot water. Mix fish and vegetable mixture with melted gelatine. Add mayonnaise. Keep out some egg slices and place them with olives and pimento slices in bottom of moistened mold. Heap salad mixture on top. Put in refrigerator to set. When firm, turn out, garnish with radish roses, stuffed eggs and parsley.

BAKED EGG LUNCHEON DISH Mrs. N. S. Brook, Winnipeg



1 cup condensed tomato soup
1 cup water
1 cup dry bread crumbs
1 cup canned peas

1 teaspoon grated onion
1/4 teaspoon salt
Dash pepper
1/2 cup grated cheese
4 eggs

Combine the condensed soup and the water. Mix together the bread crumbs, peas, onion, salt, pepper and grated cheese. Add these to the soup and stir until well blended. Pour into a well-greased baking dish and carefully break the eggs on top of the mixture. Bake in a fairly hot oven (400 deg. F.) until the eggs are set. Serve hot, sprinkled with grated cheese.

SALMON PIE *Mrs. R. J. Wittal, Assiniboia, Sask.*



3 cups mashed potatoes
1 (16-ounce) tin of salmon
3 tablespoons butter
1 medium-sized onion, minced
3 tablespoons flour

2 cups milk
1/2 cup grated cheese
1 cup buttered crumbs or
crushed corn flakes

Mash potatoes and put them in a buttered dish. Add the salmon, broken in fine pieces. Melt butter and fry the onion on top of stove. Blend the flour into the butter and onion. Add milk very gradually. Add the grated cheese to this mixture and cook on top of stove till smooth. Then pour this mixture over the potatoes and salmon and season if desired. Put bread crumbs on top. Bake till brown, about 30 minutes in moderate oven (350 deg. F.)

CHEESE TOAST *Mrs. M. C. Berry, Qualicum Beach, B.C.*

2 eggs
1/4 pound cheese
1/2 teaspoon salt

1/2 pound bacon
Buttered bread

Beat the eggs, then add grated cheese and salt. Spread mixture on buttered bread and place strip of bacon on each slice. Bake in hot oven, 425 deg. F. until crisp and brown.

CORN FRITTERS *Mrs. Earl J. Beattie, Tabusintac, N.B.*



1/2 cup milk
2 eggs, beaten
1 tablespoon melted fat
1 1/2 teaspoons salt

1/3 teaspoon pepper
2 cups corn (1 can)
2 cups sifted flour
3 teaspoons baking powder

Add milk, beaten eggs, fat, salt and pepper to corn. Sift flour with baking powder and add to first mixture. Drop by small spoonfuls into deep fat (400 deg. F.) and fry until golden brown. Drain on paper and serve with maple syrup and bacon curls.

DESSERTS

Apple Pan Dowdy that makes a real family pudding . . . and Nesselrode Pie you can serve in meringue shells for a party, as a pie, tarts or in sherbet glasses for everyday meals

GRAHAM WAFER DESSERT *Mrs. Wm. Wallace, Toronto*



1 can of evaporated milk
22 single graham wafers,
rolled to fine crumbs
1/4 cup brown sugar
1/4 cup butter

1 raspberry jelly powder
3/4 cup boiling water
Juice of 1 lemon
Juice of 1 orange
3/4 cup white sugar

Place can of evaporated milk in a saucepan and cover it with boiling water. Allow it to stand in the water for five minutes, then remove and thoroughly chill in the refrigerator (overnight if possible). Empty the milk into a small bowl and place in the freezing compartment of refrigerator until ice crystals form around the edge. Meanwhile, mix together graham wafer crumbs, brown sugar and butter. Pat three quarters of the crumb mixture in a 13 x 8-inch pan—reserve the rest for topping. Mix together the jelly powder, boiling water, lemon and orange juice; allow to cool and thicken slightly. Whip the thoroughly chilled evaporated milk until it will form firm peaks, beat in white sugar and the jelly mixture. Spread over the crumb mixture in pan and sprinkle remaining crumb mixture on top. Chill thoroughly in the refrigerator. Cut in squares and serve on your prettiest glass plates. Makes 8 to 10 servings.

PARTY DESSERT *Mrs. H. Tichborne, Goderich*

Small angel cake
1 envelope plain gelatine
1/4 cup cold water
4 eggs, separated

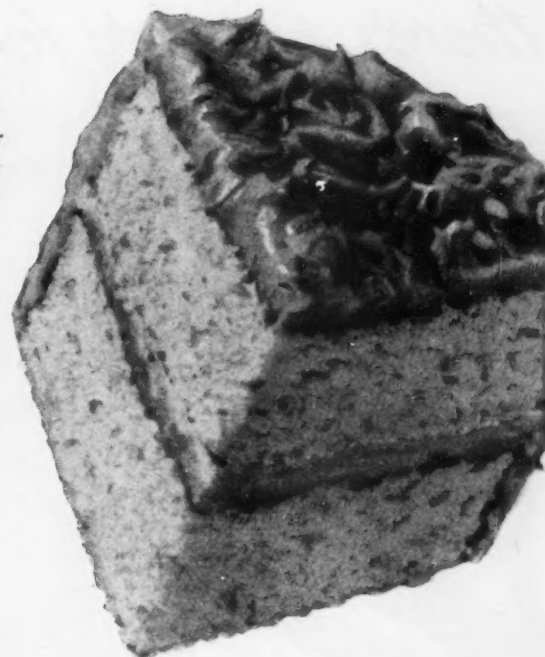
1 cup sugar
1/2 cup milk
1 square unsweetened chocolate,
melted
1 teaspoon vanilla

Buy or bake a small angel cake. Soak gelatine in cold water. Beat egg yolks in double boiler and add 1/2 cup sugar, the milk, and melted chocolate. Place over boiling water and cook, stirring constantly until thickened. Add gelatine and vanilla. Cool thoroughly. Beat egg whites until stiff and fold in remaining 1/2 cup sugar. Fold into chocolate mixture. Tear angel cake into good sized pieces and place in bowl. Add chocolate mixture and pack into oiled angel cake pan. Chill overnight. Unmold on large platter; ice with whipped cream (sweetened) and sprinkle with shaved unsweetened chocolate. Serves 10 or 12.

easier—New Domestic blends smoothly, easily with your other ingredients. No pre-creaming is necessary.

quicker—New Domestic can be used in any "Quick Mix" or "conventional" cake recipe. You'll get lighter, finer textured, higher cakes than ever before—yet mix them in a third the time—the "Quick Mix" way.

thrifter—New Domestic saves you time, work and money. Buy it, try it, and you'll agree it is the best shortening at any price.



Now Better cakes



no better shortening at any price

Cloudlight Domestic cake

For best results, have all ingredients at room temperature.

2 1/2 cups sifted cake flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
1 1/4 cups sugar
1/2 teaspoon salt
3/4 cup milk
2 Maple Leaf Eggs
1/2 teaspoon vanilla
1/2 teaspoon lemon extract
3/4 cup Domestic Shortening

Sift dry ingredients together into bowl. Add Domestic and 1/2 cup milk. Beat 300 strokes by hand or 2 minutes at medium speed of electric mixer. Add rest of milk, eggs and flavouring. Beat as above. Bake in 2 greased 8-inch pans at 350 degrees F. about 30 minutes.

Hurry up!

there's hot dogs for lunch



*Tender'n tasty hot dogs
with Wieners made
the **Skinless** way!
...mmm kids love 'em!*

**So simple to serve!
So easy on your budget!**

Skinless

Wieners and frankfurters
made the **Skinless** way
are sure to be tender!

WISKING LIMITED, LINDSAY, ONTARIO

APPLE PAN DOWDY Mrs. J. L. Pawley, Edmonton



4 or 5 tart apples

1 cup brown sugar
1/4 teaspoon salt
3/4 cup water

1 cup sifted flour
1/2 teaspoon salt

Sauce:

1/4 cup flour
1 tablespoon vinegar
1 tablespoon butter
1 teaspoon vanilla

Batter:

2 teaspoons baking powder
3 tablespoons shortening
1/2 cup milk

Slice apples into a well-greased shallow glass baking dish. Make sauce by mixing sugar, salt, water, flour and vinegar. Boil slowly; then add butter and vanilla. Keep warm without further boiling. Make batter by mixing dry ingredients, cutting in shortening and stirring in milk. Mix only until wet. Pour hot sauce over the apples. Push batter off spoon, as dumplings on top of sauce. Bake half an hour (no longer) in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.). Serve hot with cream.

NESSERODE PIE Mrs. Jas. Craft, Owen Sound

1 envelope unflavored gelatine
1/4 cup cold water
2 cups top milk or light cream
1/2 cup white sugar
1/4 teaspoon salt

2 eggs, separated
1/2 cup white sugar
1/2 teaspoon rum extract
1/4 cup candied fruits, chopped
Bitter or sweet chocolate

Sprinkle unflavored gelatine over cold water. Heat (do not boil) top milk or light cream. Add 1/2 cup white sugar, the salt and softened gelatine. Stir till dissolved. Beat the egg yolks in top of double boiler till thick and light. Then slowly add the gelatine-cream mixture and cook over boiling water 5 minutes. Cool till like thick cream or syrup. Beat 2 egg whites; slowly add 1/2 cup white sugar and continue beating till stiff. Fold egg whites into yolk mixture. Add rum extract and candied fruits. Cool and pour into baked pie shell. Sprinkle with shavings of chocolate and top with a little whipped cream.

SOFT GINGERBREAD Mrs. C. C. Thompson, Charlottetown



1/4 cup white sugar
1/2 cup molasses
1/4 cup butter
1 teaspoon ginger

1/2 cup boiling water
1 teaspoon baking soda
1 1/4 cups flour—unsifted
1 egg

Mix in order given, dissolving soda in boiling water and adding flour and egg last. Beat well. Bake in a moderately hot oven (375 deg. F.).

Mock Whipped Cream:

White of 1 egg
1 cup white sugar

1 teaspoon vanilla
1 large apple grated

Beat egg white stiff and gradually beat in the sugar and vanilla; then fold in grated apple. Chill in refrigerator and pile on hot gingerbread.

SPICED PEAR PIE Mrs. H. A. Boyd, Toronto



Unbaked 9-inch pie shell
1 (20-ounce) can pears,
drained and cut into
quarters

OR

6 to 8 fresh pears, pared,
cored and sliced
3/4 cup sugar
1/2 teaspoon salt

1 tablespoon cornstarch
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1/2 teaspoon cinnamon

1/2 teaspoon ginger
1/4 teaspoon mace
1/2 cup flour
1/4 cup butter, softened

Line pie plate with pastry and fill with pears. Mix 1/4 cup sugar, the salt, cornstarch, lemon rind and juice together and spread over pears. Mix remaining sugar, spices and flour together and add to butter; stir with a fork until of crumbly consistency and sprinkle over pears. Bake in a very hot oven (450 deg. F.) for 15 minutes. Reduce temperature to moderate (350 deg. F.) and bake about 30 minutes longer.

CAKES

A Mock Angel with only two egg whites, a Caraway Seed Cake without icing that "is just as nice at the end of the week," a Cherry and Raisin novelty, a Crazy Chocolate Cake

CARAWAY SEED CAKE Mrs. H. T. Vance, Thamesville, Ont.

1 cup granulated sugar
3 teaspoons caraway seeds
1 egg
2 scant cups sifted pastry
or cake flour

1/2 teaspoon baking soda
1 teaspoon baking powder
3/4 cup sour milk
3/4 cup melted butter, margarine
or shortening

Mix sugar and caraway seeds and beat in egg. Sift dry ingredients together and stir into egg mixture alternately with sour milk. Stir in melted butter, margarine or shortening last. Bake in a loaf pan in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) about 35 minutes.

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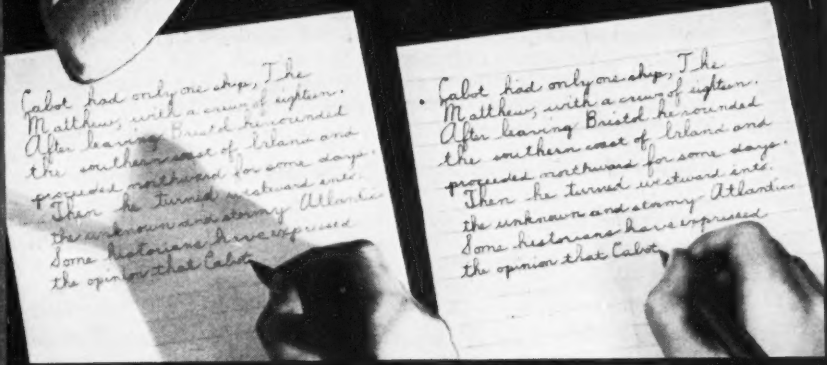
1953



Revolutionary New lamp

—designed for study, reading, all "close" work—
lessens risk of eyestrain

General Electric lamp research has developed a new kind of lamp bulb that gives more light with nearly perfect diffusion. It is the greatest step forward since the introduction of the inside frosted lamp in 1926.

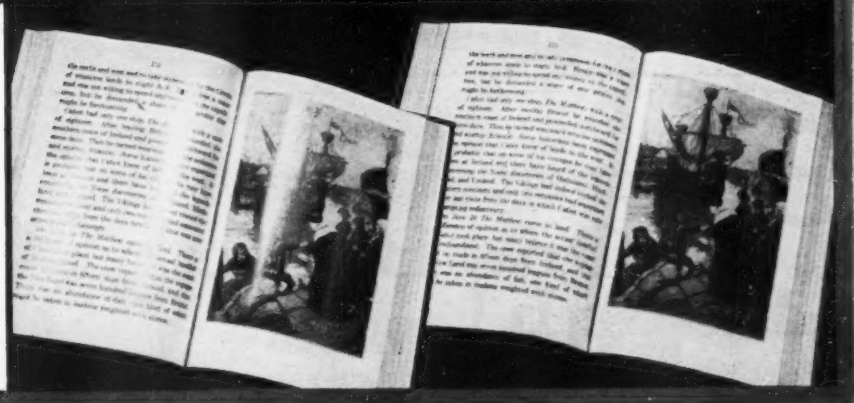


Softer Shadows

The new G-E White Lamp softens shadows because the light is diffused all over the bulb instead of coming from the higher brightness spot of ordinary lamps.

Less Glare

There is less glare where any part of the lamp is exposed. The White Lamp's greater diffusion reduces reflected glare from glossy objects. Reading, sewing and other activities are made easier.



GENERAL ELECTRIC

NEW WHITE LAMP

THIS NEW KIND OF LAMP BULB spreads the light over the entire surface of the bulb. Its light is much softer and better diffused. Annoying shadows are softened — reflections from glossy surfaces are greatly reduced.

Both lighted and unlighted, this General Electric

"White" Lamp has a clean-white beauty that lasts for the life of the bulb. It's particularly desirable where any portion of the bulb is exposed — for instance, in table or floor lamps. This remarkable new lamp — in 60 watt, 100 watt and Tri-Lite — is available now wherever lamps are sold.



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CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY
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MOCK ANGEL CAKE Mrs. Jack Sanderson, London, Ont.



1 cup sweet milk
1 cup white sugar
Pinch of salt

1 cup flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
2 eggs (whites only)

Set milk in a pan of boiling water and heat to boiling point. Sift the dry ingredients together five times. Into this pour a cup of hot milk, stir smooth, then add the stiffly beaten egg whites. Fold them in carefully. Do not grease the tin or flavor the cake. Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.). Cool in the pan turned upside down (balance the edges of the pan on two other pans).

PUMPKIN CAKE Mrs. Joan E. Hale, Singhampton, Ont.

1/2 cup shortening
1 1/4 cups granulated sugar
2 eggs, well beaten
2 cups sifted flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
1/2 teaspoon salt

1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
1/2 teaspoon ginger
1/2 teaspoon nutmeg
1 cup cooked pumpkin*
1/2 teaspoon baking soda
3/4 cup milk
1/2 cup chopped nuts

Cream shortening well, add sugar gradually and cream thoroughly. Add well-beaten eggs one third at a time and beat. Sift together flour, baking powder, salt and spices. Add soda to pumpkin; stir, and add milk. Add dry mixture and wet mixture alternately to creamed mixture (three dry and two wet additions). Add chopped nuts. Bake in well-oiled cake pans in oven of 350 deg. F. Layer requires 35 minutes; loaf 55 minutes.

Icings for pumpkin cake—7-minute frosting made with brown sugar.
OR

Sour Cream Icing (thin if necessary by adding cream)

1 cup white sugar

1/2 cup sour cream (or sour milk with 1 tablespoon melted butter)
1 cup raisins, chopped

Let it come slowly to the boil, keeping pan covered the first 3 minutes. Boil slowly till icing makes soft ball in cold water. Let stand till cool. Add raisins. Beat till it holds its shape.

*Note: In one can of cooked pumpkin there is enough for two pies with 1 cup left over. This pumpkin cake is an excellent way to use that extra cup.

3 Dessert Treats from One Basic Dough!

It's easy with wonderful active dry yeast!



Say goodbye to humdrum meals! Turn one tender-rich sweet dough into these three yummy dessert treats! It takes no time at all with amazing Fleischmann's Fast Rising Dry Yeast! This lively, zesty yeast acts fast... gives you perfect risings every time. If you bake at home, buy several packages now!

NEEDS NO REFRIGERATION!

BASIC FRUIT DOUGH

Prepare

1 1/2 cups bleached or sulfured raisins, washed and dried
1/2 cup finely-cut candied citron
1/2 cup broken walnuts or pecans

Scald

2 cups milk

Remove from heat and cool to lukewarm.

In the meantime, measure into a small bowl

1/2 cup lukewarm water
2 teaspoons granulated sugar
and stir until sugar is dissolved.

Sprinkle with contents of

2 envelopes Fleischmann's Fast Rising Dry Yeast

Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well.

Sift together three times

4 cups once-sifted bread flour
1 tablespoon salt
4 teaspoons ground cinnamon
1/2 teaspoon grated nutmeg

1/4 teaspoon ground cloves
1/4 teaspoon ground mace

Cream in a large bowl

1/2 cup butter or margarine
1/2 cup lightly-packed brown sugar

Gradually beat in

1 well-beaten egg

Stir in lukewarm milk, dissolved yeast and sifted dry ingredients; beat until smooth and elastic. Mix in prepared fruits and nuts.

Work in

3 1/2 cups (about) once-sifted bread flour

Turn out on lightly-floured board and knead dough lightly until smooth and elastic. Place in a greased bowl and grease top of dough. Cover and set dough in a warm place, free from draught, and let rise until doubled in bulk. Turn out dough on lightly-floured board and knead lightly until smooth. Divide into 3 equal portions and finish as follows:

1. Chop Suey Loaf

Knead 1/4 cup well-drained cut-up maraschino cherries into one portion of the dough. Shape into a loaf and fit into a greased bread pan about 4 1/2 by 8 1/2 inches. Grease top. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in a moderate oven, 350°, about 40 minutes. Brush top of hot loaf with soft butter or margarine.

2. Butterscotch Fruit Buns

Cream together 1/2 cup butter or margarine, 1/2 teaspoon grated orange rind, 1/4 cup corn syrup and

1 cup lightly-packed brown sugar.

Spread about a quarter of this mixture in a greased 9-inch square cake pan; sprinkle with 1/2 cup pecan halves. Roll out one portion of dough on lightly-floured board into a 9-inch square. Spread almost to the edges with remaining brown sugar mixture; roll up loosely, jelly-roll fashion, and cut into 9 slices. Place each piece, a cut side up, in prepared pan. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in a moderate oven, 350°, about 30 minutes. Stand

pan of buns on a cake cooler for 5 minutes before turning out.

3. Frosted Fruit Buns

Cut one portion of dough into 18 equal-sized pieces. Shape each piece into a smooth round ball. Place, well apart, on a greased cookie sheet. Grease tops. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in a moderate oven, 350°, about 15 minutes. Immediately after baking, spread buns with a frosting made by combining 1 cup once-sifted icing sugar, 4 teaspoons milk and a few drops almond extract.

(Advertisement)

CHERRY AND RAISIN CAKE *Mrs. Ed. Armstrong, Barrie, Ont.*



- | | |
|---|---------------------------------------|
| 1/4 pound shortening and butter (1/2 and 1/2) | 2 cups sifted flour |
| 1 cup granulated sugar | 2 teaspoons baking powder |
| Pinch salt | 1/2 to 3/4 cup milk |
| 2 eggs | 1/4 cup cherry juice |
| Few drops of red coloring if desired | 12 red maraschino cherries (cut fine) |
| | 1/2 cup raisins |

Combine butter and shortening, sugar and salt and mix well. Add the eggs and coloring. Then add sifted flour and baking powder alternately with milk and cherry juice. Add fruit last, and mix well. Bake in moderate oven 350 deg. F. about 45 minutes. When cake is half done, take out of oven and sprinkle sugar and chopped nuts on top and return to oven to finish baking.

CRAZY CHOCOLATE CAKE *Mrs. Margaret Coveney, Saskatoon*



- | | |
|--------------------|-------------------------|
| 1 cup brown sugar | 1 teaspoon soda |
| 1 egg, unbeaten | 1 teaspoon vanilla |
| 1/2 cup milk | 1 1/2 cups sifted flour |
| 1/2 cup shortening | 1/2 cup cocoa |
| 1/2 teaspoon salt | 1/2 cup boiling water |

Place ingredients in a large bowl in order of listing. After adding the water, beat like crazy until the batter is smooth and free from lumps. Bake in greased tin in medium oven (350 deg. F.) for 35 minutes. If in a hurry put 2 milk chocolate

bars on white cake is hot. Spread around and you have a nice iced crazy chocolate cake.

Note: Either brown or white sugar can be used and either sweet milk, sour milk or buttermilk.

BANANA PARTY CAKE *Mrs. J. H. Alexander, Lethbridge*



- | | |
|--|---|
| 1/2 cup soft shortening | 1 1/3 cups sugar |
| 2 cups sifted cake flour | 1/2 cup sour milk or buttermilk |
| 1 teaspoon double-acting baking powder | 1 cup mashed fully ripe bananas |
| Or 1 1/2 teaspoons fast-acting baking powder | 2 eggs, unbeaten |
| 1 teaspoon baking soda | 1/2 cup coarsely chopped nut meats (optional) |
| 3/4 teaspoon salt | 1 teaspoon vanilla |

Measure shortening into mixing bowl and stir just to soften.

Sift in dry ingredients. Add 1/4 cup of the milk and the mashed bananas, and mix until all flour is dampened. Then beat 2 minutes or 300 strokes. Add eggs, nuts, vanilla and remaining milk. Beat 1 minute longer or 150 strokes. Turn batter into 2 round 9-inch layer pans 1 1/2 inches deep. Bake in moderate oven (375 deg. F.) 25 minutes or until done.

To serve: Whip 1 cup heavy cream. Peel and cut 3 ripe bananas into 1/4 inch slices. Fold 1 tablespoon finely chopped maraschino cherries into one third of the whipped cream. Spread on bottom layer. Arrange 1/2 of bananas on top. Cover with second layer; spread top with remaining cream. Decorate with remaining cream and banana slices.

GOLDEN DATE CAKE *Mrs. N. Green, Aldergrove, B.C.*

- | | |
|---------------------------|---|
| 1 1/2 cups sugar | 3 teaspoons baking powder |
| 1/2 cup shortening | 1/2 teaspoon salt |
| 2 medium eggs | 1 cup milk |
| 1 teaspoon vanilla | 1 cup pitted dates, chopped after measuring |
| 2 cups sifted bread flour | 1/2 cup chopped walnuts |

Cream sugar and shortening, add beaten eggs and vanilla. Add sifted flour, baking powder and salt alternately with milk. Fold in dates and nuts. Divide into two greased 8-inch layer cake tins and bake 35 to 45 minutes in a 350 deg. F. oven. When cool, ice with Fresh Orange Icing.

Fresh Orange Icing:

- | | |
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| 3 cups sifted confectioners' sugar | 3 tablespoons orange juice |
| 1/3 cup butter or margarine | 1 tablespoon freshly grated orange rind |

Blend together confectioners' sugar, butter or margarine and stir in orange juice and grated orange rind. Spread between layers and over top and sides of cake. Decorate with whole dates and walnut halves.

REFRIGERATOR WHEAT OR BRAN FLAKES CAKE

Mrs. S. W. Rathwell, Navan, Ont.

- | | |
|------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 9 cups wheat or bran flakes | 1 1/2 teaspoons grated lemon rind |
| 1 1/2 cups chopped cooked prunes | 3/4 cup brown sugar |
| 3/4 cup chopped dates | 1 teaspoon salt |
| 3/4 cup chopped raisins | 1 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon |
| 3/4 cup chopped walnuts | 1/2 teaspoon ginger |
| 1 1/2 teaspoons grated orange rind | 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg |
| | 3/4 cup orange juice |

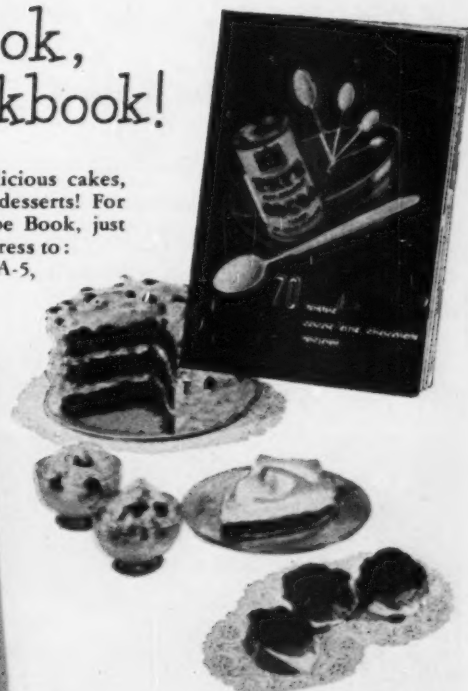
Roll wheat flakes to make 3 cups fine crumbs. Combine all ingredients and mix thoroughly. Line a ring mold with wax paper. Press fruit mixture into mold and smooth the top. Cover with several layers of wax paper and place in refrigerator for 3 days before using.



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PEEK FREAN'S

Famous ENGLISH Biscuits

590

RUM AND DATE CAKE Mrs. J. C. Ash, Flin Flon

1 pound dates
1 cup walnuts, chopped
1 teaspoon baking soda
1 cup boiling water
1/2 cup butter
1 cup brown sugar

2 eggs
1 cup sifted flour
1/4 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 teaspoon rum flavoring
4 tablespoons water

Chop dates and nuts. Add baking soda to boiling water and pour over dates and nuts. Let stand while preparing the batter. Cream butter well and gradually cream in sugar. Beat eggs thoroughly and add to butter and sugar mixture. Pour date mixture into this and mix well. Measure flour and sift with salt. Stir into first mixture, adding vanilla last. Pour batter into greased loaf pan and bake in a moderate oven 350 deg. F. for one hour. Remove cake from oven and pour over top rum flavoring dissolved in 4 tablespoons water. Allow cake to cool and ice with rum-butter icing.

Rum-butter Icing:

1/2 cup butter (soft)
1 1/2 cups icing sugar

1/4 teaspoon rum flavoring

Cream butter; gradually cream in icing sugar, add flavoring. Mix well and spread on cake.

SMALL CAKES AND COOKIES

An old English recipe for Coconut Buns, Lemon Squares with soda biscuits for your crumb base, and a small-family recipe for Quick Oat Drop Cookies flavored with hot coffee

COCONUT BUNS Mrs. Jean Broatch, Moose Jaw



1/2 cup butter
3/4 cup sugar
2 eggs
1/4 teaspoon salt

1 cup shredded coconut
1 cup sifted flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
1/2 cup milk

Beat together butter and sugar; add eggs and beat. Add salt and coconut. Add sifted flour and baking powder, and milk slowly. These buns are baked in muffin tins in a 350 deg. F. oven.

(Advertisement)

How to make

Thrifty Vegetable Plate

with Velveeta Sauce

Here's flavor and nutrition in a dish that fits the slimmest budget! Wholesome vegetables team up with nourishing Velveeta, Kraft's delicious cheese food . . . and the result is a main dish that really satisfies!



1 In the top of the double boiler, melt 1/2 pound of Velveeta. (Cut it from a 2-lb. loaf, or use a 1/2-lb. package.) Notice how smoothly Velveeta melts—with never a sign of a lump!



2 Gradually add 1/2 cup of milk to the melted Velveeta, stirring constantly. Add salt and pepper to taste. Your nourishing Velveeta sauce is ready! Taste that rich yet mild cheddar cheese flavour!



3 Place a cooked cauliflower on platter. Surround it with cooked Julienne green beans, and broiled tomato halves. Pour Velveeta sauce over cauliflower. Serve hot.

PINEAPPLE SQUARES *Mrs. J. H. Shepherd, Lachine*

Blend and press into bottom of tin:

1 cup sifted flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
1/4 teaspoon salt

2 tablespoons shortening
2 tablespoons granulated sugar
1 egg

Bake at 350 deg. F. for 10 minutes.

Cover with:

1 (20-ounce) can crushed pineapple, drained

Combine and spread over pineapple:

1 egg beaten light
1 cup sugar

1 cup coconut
1 tablespoon melted butter

Bake at 350 deg. F. for 20 minutes or until set. Cut in squares when cold.

FOREST RANGERS *Mrs. A. E. Cliff, Fort William*



1 cup butter, creamed
1 cup white sugar
1 cup brown sugar
2 eggs
1 teaspoon baking powder
1 teaspoon baking soda

1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla
2 cups sifted bread flour
2 cups rolled oats
2 cups coconut
2 cups corn flakes or crispy rice cereal

Cream sugar with butter. Beat in eggs. Stir in sifted dry ingredients and combine. Blend in remaining ingredients and roll dough into small balls. Press with a floured fork and bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.)

ROCK CAKES *Mrs. B. F. Burton, Duhamel, Alta.*

6 tablespoons shortening
1/2 cup brown sugar
1 egg
1/4 cup chopped walnuts

1/2 cup chopped dates
Vanilla to flavor
1 1/2 cups sifted flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
3 tablespoons milk

Cream shortening and sugar. Add whole egg and beat well; add nuts, dates and vanilla. Mix well and add flour and baking powder which have been sifted together. Add milk gradually, as the mixture must be stiff so that the cookies will hold their shape. Drop from teaspoon on a greased cookie sheet and bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) 15 minutes.

(Advertisement)

How to serve Velveeta for Variety Unlimited

WITH SEAFOOD

Easy recipe for Sunday night supper: make Velveeta sauce in a chafing dish, and add one medium-sized can of tuna fish, boned and flaked. Serve on crisp triangles of toast. Crabmeat or shrimps are good this way, too!

WITH LEFTOVERS

Even the children will eat leftover spinach with Velveeta sauce. In fact, Velveeta turns many kinds of leftover vegetables and meats into wonderful main dishes—and at so little cost!



WITH POTATO

In the top of a baked potato, cut a slit and press in a slice of Velveeta. Three minutes in a hot oven, 400°, will bring Velveeta to the melting point. Then serve it—but hot!

WITH ROLLS

In frankfurter rolls, cut several slits, diagonally. Slip a slice of Velveeta in each, and place in moderate oven, 325°, till Velveeta melts. Takes about 7 minutes. Some snack!

WITH DESSERTS

Try apple-pie-and-cheese this new way: pour Velveeta sauce over each serving of pie.

On toothpicks, put a cube of chilled Velveeta and a pitted date. Tasty for dessert, delightful with a salad!

WITH EGGS

Arrange devilled eggs on toast points. Pour hot Velveeta sauce over the eggs. Garnish with parsley and serve pronto! (Serve this sauce with poached eggs or omelets for hurry-up meals.)

WITH SALAD

When appetites lag, serve a salad main dish, with Velveeta for added protein. Add strips of chilled Velveeta to a tossed salad of lettuce, radishes, cucumber slices, quartered tomatoes, watercress. Serve with Miracle Whip Salad Dressing.



LI'L ARNER ^{by} AL CAPP

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



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CREAM of WHEAT
MADE IN CANADA
from the best Canadian wheat



LEMON SQUARES

Mrs. R. A. Smith, Hamilton

1 3/4 cups salted soda cracker crumbs
1/2 cup granulated sugar
1 cup sifted pastry flour
1/2 cup shredded coconut
1 teaspoon baking powder
3/4 cup melted butter or margarine
Lemon filling

Combine dry ingredients. Work in butter and spread 3/4 mixture in 7 x 9-inch pan. Spread with lemon filling and cover

with remaining crumb mixture. Pat down. Bake 30 minutes in 350 deg. F. oven.

Note: Make up any prepared lemon pie filling as directed using 2 egg yolks.

MOCK MOCHA CAKE

Mrs. J. Alexander, Saskatoon

1 cup peanut butter
2 tablespoons butter
1 cup icing sugar
1/2 cup dates, cut fine
1/2 cup walnuts, cut fine

Mix peanut butter, butter and icing sugar together well. Add chopped dates and chopped walnuts. Form in balls, dip in thin icing, then roll in fine coconut. Makes about four dozen.

ICEBOX ROLLS

Mrs. J. T. Black, Regina Beach

1 cup brown sugar
1 cup peanut butter
1 cup corn syrup
2 heaping cups corn flakes
2 heaping cups crispy rice cereal

Melt brown sugar, peanut butter and corn syrup in double boiler. Add corn flakes and crispy rice cereal. Form in rolls in waxed paper. Set in refrigerator or cool place. Slice when needed.

QUICK OAT DROP COOKIES

Mrs. Charles Barclay, Port Lambton, Ont.

1/2 cup soft shortening and butter, mixed
1/2 cup brown sugar, packed firmly
1 cup quick-cooking oats
2 tablespoons coffee (hot)
3/4 cup sifted flour
1/4 teaspoon nutmeg
1/4 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon baking soda

Cream shortening and butter; mix in sugar. Add oatmeal and 2 tablespoons hot coffee. Place dry ingredients in sifter and gradually add. Chill dough for 1/2 hour. Drop on greased cookie sheets and press down with fork. Bake in oven at 375 deg. F. until brown, approximately 5 to 6 minutes.

BREADS

Soda Bread as the Irish bake it, Butterhorns, and delicious Sour Cream Sugar Twists in which the batter rises only once — in the refrigerator

IRISH SODA BREAD

Mrs. H. C. Williamson, Saskatoon

2 cups sifted bread flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon baking soda
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon shortening
Sour milk (about 2/3 cup)

Sift dry ingredients into bowl. Cut in shortening and add enough sour milk to make dough easy to handle. Turn onto floured board and form into round loaf. Bake in 350 deg. F. oven about 1 hour. (Can be tested as a cake with knitting needle.) Served fresh with butter and blackberry jam for preference.

BUTTERHORNS

Mrs. H. S. Gibson, Brandon

1 cup milk
4 tablespoons butter
4 tablespoons shortening
1 cake compressed yeast
1 teaspoon sugar
1/2 cup sugar
2 eggs, beaten
4 1/2 cups bread flour
1/2 teaspoon salt

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Magic's Gorgeous New NEAPOLITAN CAKE

You'll score a double triumph with this gayest of Magic cakes! For your guests' exclamations over its startling beauty will quickly be followed by a fresh chorus of praise—this time for its bewitching blend of flavors!

Yes, Magic makes flavors rise to ecstasy while it's perfecting the light, silken texture of your cake! For assurance and supreme satisfaction whenever you bake, rely on time-tried Magic Baking Powder—it costs less than 1¢ per average baking!

MAGIC NEAPOLITAN CAKE

2 cups once-sifted pastry flour or 1 1/4 cups once-sifted all-purpose flour	1 tbsp. milk
3 tbsps. Magic Baking Powder	1 ounce unsweetened chocolate, melted
1/2 tsp. salt	1/2 tsp. almond extract
8 tbsps. butter or margarine	Few drops green food coloring (or pink, if preferred)
1 cup fine granulated sugar	2 tbsps. toasted finely-chopped almonds
2 eggs	1/4 tsp. ground cinnamon
1/4 cup milk	1/8 tsp. ground ginger
1/2 tsp. vanilla	Few grains ground cloves

Grease an 8-inch angel cake pan and line bottom with greased paper. Preheat oven to 325° (rather slow). Sift flour, Magic Baking Powder and salt together three times. Cream butter or margarine; gradually blend in sugar. Add unbeaten eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Measure the 1/4 cup milk and add vanilla. Add flour mixture to creamed mixture about a quarter at a time, alternating with three additions of milk and vanilla and combining lightly after each addition. Divide batter into three parts. Stir the 1 tbsp. milk and melted chocolate into one part; stir almond extract, green food coloring and almonds into second part; sprinkle cinnamon, ginger and cloves over third part and stir to combine. Spoon batters alternately into prepared pan. Bake in preheated oven 50 to 55 minutes. Cover cold cake with the following Chocolate Butter Icing; decorate with roasted whole blanched almonds.

CHOCOLATE BUTTER ICING: Cream 4 tbsps. butter or margarine; work in 2 cups sifted icing sugar alternately with 3 tbsps. scalded cream, stirring in 3 ounces melted unsweetened chocolate after part of the cream has been added. Add 1 unbeaten egg and 1/4 tsp. vanilla and beat until icing begins to thicken; beat in a little more cream, if needed, to make an icing of smooth spreading consistency. Spread immediately on cold cake.

Scald the milk, add butter and shortening, cool to lukewarm. Crumble the yeast and add 1 teaspoon sugar. Cool milk mixture to lukewarm and add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup to yeast, stirring until dissolved. Add remaining milk mixture, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, well-beaten eggs, 2 cups of the flour and the salt. Beat thoroughly. Add the remaining flour, beat or mix well. Place in a greased bowl, cover and allow to rise until double in bulk (3-4 hours). Place risen dough on lightly floured board and round up. Cover with damp cloth and let stand 15 minutes. Now divide into two equal portions. Roll each to a large circle 16 inches in diameter or $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick. Cut each circle into 12 pie-wedge sections. Brush each section with melted butter and roll up, starting with the wide edge. Shape into crescents. Place on a greased baking sheet, cover with cloth and place in a warm place to rise double in bulk. Bake in 400 deg. oven for about 15 minutes. Brush with soft butter when removed from oven.

SOUR CREAM SUGAR TWISTS

Mrs. R. A. Howie, St. Lambert, Que.

4 cups sifted bread flour
1 teaspoon salt
1 cup shortening
1 teaspoon sugar
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup lukewarm water
1 package fast-rising dry yeast
1 egg and 2 egg yolks
1 cup thick sour cream (15%)
1 teaspoon almond flavoring
OR
1 teaspoon vanilla
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup granulated sugar (approximately)

Sift flour and salt into bowl. Cut in shortening and set aside. Dissolve 1 teaspoon sugar in lukewarm water, add yeast. Let stand 10 minutes, then stir. Beat egg and egg yolks; add sour cream and flavoring and stir into yeast mixture. Combine dry and wet ingredients, mix thoroughly and place bowl in refrigerator for 2 hours. (Cover batter with melted shortening, salad oil or waxed paper.) Sprinkle granulated sugar on your work-board. Turn dough onto sugared board and sprinkle lightly with sugar. Roll into 12-inch square, by folding the dough into the centre from each side. Using more sugar, roll dough out again, repeating the folding. Do this four times in all, each time sprinkling sugar on the board and onto dough to prevent sticking. Cut into strips (about 1 x 4 inches). Sprinkle on more sugar. Hold strip at both ends and twist (opposite directions). Place on ungreased baking sheet 2 inches apart. Press both ends of twists to sheet. Bake in a 375 deg. F. oven for 15 to 20 minutes or until light brown.

ROLLED OATS BREAD

Mrs. H. M. Beach, Finch, Ont.

2 cups rolled oats
2 teaspoons salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup molasses
1 tablespoon shortening
2 cups boiling water
1 cake fresh yeast
Or 1 package fast-rising dry yeast
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup lukewarm water
 $4\frac{1}{2}$ cups bread flour (approximately)

Mix oats, salt, molasses and shortening and add boiling water. Cool to lukewarm. Dissolve yeast according to directions on package in lukewarm water and add to first mixture. Gradually add

flour, mixing to a smooth dough. Knead on lightly floured board until smooth and shiny. Shape into a ball and place in a large greased bowl. Cover and let rise in a warm place until double in bulk. Knead and divide in half. Shape each half into ball. Cover and let stand 10 minutes. Mold each half into loaf and place in greased loaf pan. Cover and let rise in a warm place until double in bulk. Bake in a moderately hot oven (375 deg. F.) for 50-60 minutes. Remove from pan and cool on a wire rack.

MISCELLANEOUS

A grab-bag of delicious things

... Cheese Crunchies that

melt in your mouth, an exotic

Pear Marmalade or a spicy

Relish to serve on Hot Dogs

CHEESE CRUNCHIES

Mrs. Hermon Stevens, Calgary

1 small jar sharp spreading cheese
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter or margarine
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup bread flour

Cream cheese and butter or margarine. Add sifted dry ingredients and mix well. Form into 1-inch balls, place on greased baking sheet. Chill well, about 2 hours. Bake at 400 deg. for 10 minutes. Serve hot as appetizer or with salad.

"Whoops! What a saving on milk when I use Heinz Cream of Tomato Soup"



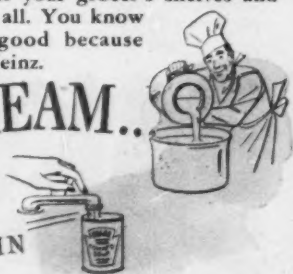
Trust a veteran cook who has spent thousands of hours in her kitchen to find ways of cutting down food bills. To save half a pint of milk every time you serve Heinz Cream of Tomato Soup will make a big difference in your milk bill in a matter of weeks. Just dilute a tin with an equal amount of water, then compare it with straight

tomato soup diluted with milk. Heinz, you will find, has a true creamy flavour.

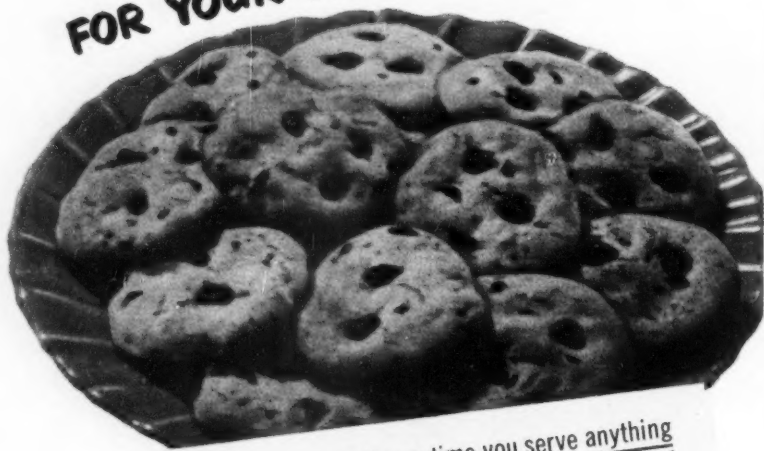
Tomato soup is the top favourite in most homes, but Heinz makes several other cream soups, all rich with cream. Look over your grocer's shelves and try them all. You know they're good because they're Heinz.

HEINZ puts in the CREAM..
You add ONLY water!

SAVE $\frac{1}{2}$ PINT OF MILK WITH EVERY TIN



Something CHOCOLATE FOR YOUR FAMILY'S PLEASURE



What a break for the family anytime you serve anything chocolate. That is, of course, if it's made with one of the BAKER'S Chocolate Products. Pure, full-flavored, rich and always dependable for results

Best Chocolate Chip Cookies Ever!

CRISP AND CRUNCHY OUT-OF-THIS-WORLD GOLDEN COOKIES

- 1/2 to 1 cup shortening
- 1/2 cup granulated sugar
- 1/4 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1 egg, well beaten
- 1 cup sifted flour
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 teaspoon baking soda
- 1 package Baker's Chocolate Chips
- 1/2 cup chopped nut meats
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Cream shortening, add sugars gradually; cream until fluffy. Add egg and mix thoroughly. Sift flour once, measure, add salt and soda; sift again. Add flour in two parts; mix well. Add chocolate chips, nuts, vanilla; mix thoroughly. Drop from teaspoon on ungreased baking sheet, about 2 inches apart. Bake in moderate oven (375° F.) 10 to 12 minutes. Makes about 50 cookies.

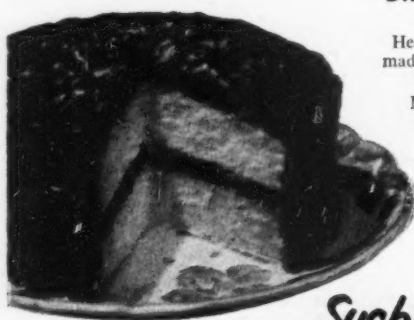
THE CHIPS IN A CARTON

DIFFERENT FROSTING "CHOCOLATE EGGNOG"

Here's a quite different type of cake frosting made wonderfully rich in true chocolate flavor by Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate.

Melt 3 squares Baker's Chocolate in double boiler. Remove from heat. Add 1 1/2 cups sifted icing sugar and 2 tbsps. hot water; blend. Add 1 egg and beat well. Add 4 tbsps. softened butter, 1 tbsp. at a time, beating thoroughly. Enough to fill and ice a two-layer cake.

THE BLUE AND YELLOW PACKAGE



Such fun!

HOME-MADE CHOCOLATES

Anyone can make professional-tasting chocolate candies at home—with Baker's Dot Chocolate. Rich-flavored and satin smooth. Dot Chocolate makes nut and fruit clusters—chocolate bars—and many others. Follow directions on package.

THE RED AND YELLOW PACKAGE

BAKER'S

UNSWEETENED CHOCOLATE
CHOCOLATE CHIPS
DOT SEMI-SWEET CHOCOLATE

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CH-323M

MUSTARD SAUCE

Mrs. R. Darrach, Brandon

- 1/2 cup white sugar
- 1/2 cup vinegar
- 1 large tablespoon mustard
- Butter size of an egg
- 3 egg yolks, beaten

Mix sugar, vinegar, mustard and butter, and add beaten egg yolks. Beat well and cook in double boiler until it thickens.

FISH FILLET BATTER

Mrs. Dorothy Blake, Calgary

- 1 cup sifted flour
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup water
- 1 tablespoon vinegar

Mix flour and baking powder in bowl. Drop in eggs, mix; add water and beat well. Add vinegar and beat again. Dip fillets in batter and deep fry.

- Note: 1. Definitely no salt—it ruins the batter.
2. The same batter with 1 tablespoon of sugar added may be used for deep frying bananas. After frying, roll in icing or white granulated sugar.

MINCEMEAT

Mrs. A. N. Black, Peterborough

- 2 cups beef suet, ground (or shortening chopped)
- 3 cups tart apples, chopped
- 1 cup grape or apple jelly or jam
- 2 pints grape juice (or cider)
- 1 pint peach jam or marmalade
- 3 cups brown sugar
- 2 pounds raisins
- 1 pound currants
- Grated rind and juice of 2 lemons and 2 oranges
- 1 tablespoon salt
- 1 tablespoon cinnamon
- 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg
- 1/2 teaspoon ground cloves

To this may be added if desired:

- 1 pound mixed peel
- 1 cup walnuts, chopped
- 2 cups lean cooked beef, ground

Mix well and keep in sterile jars in a cool place.

REAL RED CHILI SAUCE

Mrs. Mildred O. Stewart, Canoe, B.C.

- 1 1/4 cups white vinegar
- 2 teaspoons whole cloves
- 1 teaspoon stick cinnamon, broken
- 1 teaspoon celery seed
- 22 medium ripe tomatoes (5-6 pounds)
- 1 cup white sugar
- 1 tablespoon chopped onion
- 1/2 teaspoon cayenne pepper
- 1 tablespoon salt

Bring vinegar, cloves, cinnamon and celery seed to a boil and let stand off stove to absorb spices. Scald and peel tomatoes and cut them up. Combine half tomatoes with half cup of sugar, onion and cayenne in preserving kettle and boil 30 minutes, stirring constantly. Then stir in remaining tomatoes and sugar and boil another 30 minutes. Strain vinegar, discarding spices, and combine with tomato mixture, adding salt. Boil another 30 minutes, stirring as before. Pour while boiling hot into hot sterilized jars, filling to an eighth of an inch and sealing immediately.

15 Minutes

serves your guests

this delicious

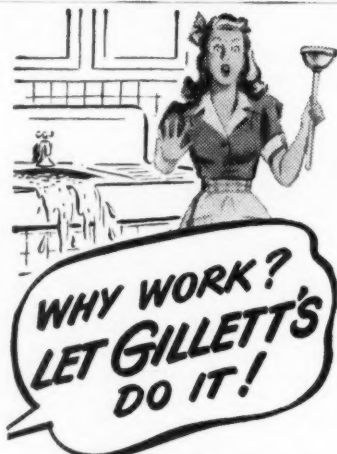
Tomato Rarebit



TRY THIS RECIPE:

TOMATO RAREBIT Heat 6 tbsp. E. D. Smith's Tomato Paste and 1 cup water to scalding. Add 1/2 tsp. sugar, 1/4 tsp. paprika, 1/4 tsp. salt and 1/4 tsp. soda. Stir into the yolks of 2 eggs, place in a double boiler and cook, stirring constantly, until thickened. Add 2 cups coarsely grated Canadian cheese and continue cooking just until cheese is melted. Serve on thin toast. Serves 5-6.

Just one of scores of appetizing dishes made quickly, easily and economically with E. D. Smith's famous Tomato Paste. The concentrated goodness of over 5 lbs. of fresh tomatoes in each 6 oz. tin! Get some today.



Water, water everywhere—and you struggling with an old fashioned plunger! What a waste of effort when Gillett's will unblock that drain in a jiffy! Just pour in 3 tablespoons of Gillett's, full strength, and your work's done! Gillett's cuts through grease, clears drains right out, allows water to run freely. Gillett's also makes light work of cleaning floors and toilets, destroys contents of outside closets, deodorizes garbage pails. Saves you work in dozens of ways. Get some today!



GL-229

FRIED GREEN TOMATOES AND ONIONS

Mrs. M. E. Nelson, Dauphin, Man.

2 tablespoons butter or margarine
2 large Spanish onions
6 to 8 green tomatoes, peeled
2 tablespoons water

Into a frying pan in which butter or margarine has been melted, slice very thinly onions and tomatoes. Add water and cover. Cook over medium heat, stirring frequently, until onions and tomatoes are clear. Season with salt and pepper. Be sure to use plenty of salt. This will serve 4 or 5 persons. Use liberally as a cold meat sauce.

PEAR MARMALADE

Mrs. T. B. Jones, Port Stanley, Ont.

10 pounds pears
10 pounds sugar
6 oranges
3 lemons
Chopped walnuts and maraschino cherries if desired

Cut pears in medium-sized pieces, mix with sugar and let stand till some juice forms. Boil down till it starts to thicken slightly. Squeeze juice from oranges and lemons. Slice orange and lemon skins thinly or put through grinder. Steam skins till tender and add to pears along with juice. Continue boiling till of desired thickness. (Marmalade is more apt to stick during this second boiling so boil pears away sufficiently before adding oranges and lemons.) Add chopped walnuts and cherries just before sealing if desired. Yield about 13 pints.

DATE AND NUT ROLL

Mrs. Ewart T. Rowan, Belwood, Ont.

1½ cups granulated sugar
½ cup thin cream
1 cup dates, pitted and chopped
¾ cup nut meats, chopped

Cook sugar and cream together until a little dropped in cold water forms a soft ball. Add the chopped dates and cook 3 minutes more. Remove from fire. Beat until candy begins to thicken. Add nut meats. Continue beating until candy is firm enough to make into a roll, about 1½ inches across. Wrap in a wet cloth and leave until cold. Remove cloth and cut crosswise in slices.

THE QUEEN'S CONFLICT

How can our young Queen resolve the conflicting demands of duty and family—a problem which has brought trouble and heartache to British rulers for centuries?

Second in a new series of exclusive Chatelaine articles

by Hector Bolitho

Read CHATELAIN
for February

HEARTY SANDWICH SPREAD

Mrs. D. H. McGill, Orillia

4 slices cooked ham
2 slices salami
½ green pepper
1 large tomato
Dash of salt

Put ham, salami and green pepper through chopper. Add tomato, peeled and cut in small cubes, and dash of salt. Spread between slices of brown bread

(with lettuce). Cut in wedges and arrange on plate with apex up.

HOT DOG RELISH

Mrs. Stanley Lyle, St. Thomas

8 large cucumbers, peeled and seeded
1½ dozen green tomatoes
6 large onions
4 green sweet peppers
2 red sweet peppers
1 hot pepper
Coarse pickling salt
Vinegar

1 bunch celery, chopped
5 cups white sugar
½ cup flour
2 tablespoons mustard
1 teaspoon turmeric

Grind all vegetables except celery. Sprinkle with salt, and let stand overnight. Then drain and add enough vinegar to cover. Add chopped celery and the sugar; heat to boiling and simmer 20 minutes. Mix remaining ingredients with a little water and add. Boil 10 minutes longer, bottle and seal.

Great News... TWO SOUPS WITH THAT OLD TIME FLAVOR!



You'll love their real homemade taste!

Lipton Chicken Noodle, with tender egg noodles in a rich chicken broth—the kind you get when you use a fine, fat chicken for your stock, and flecked with savory parsley.

And new Lipton Tomato Vegetable with "fresh from the garden" vegetables—six of them—plus rich egg noodles in a hearty, "homey" tomato stock.

Easy to fix—both save you money two ways!

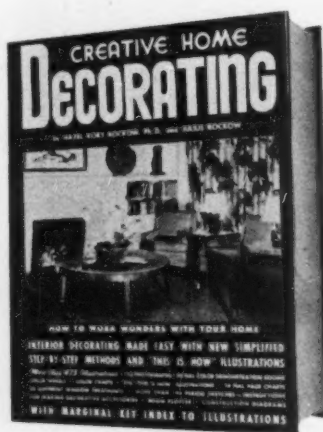
So easy to make, too! Just empty an envelope into boiling water. In minutes you have steaming bowls of oldtime goodness! Remember, just one envelope of Lipton Soup Mix

makes a whole lot more—50% more—than most canned soups. And it costs you less than most canned soups, too. So buy Lipton Soups and save two ways.

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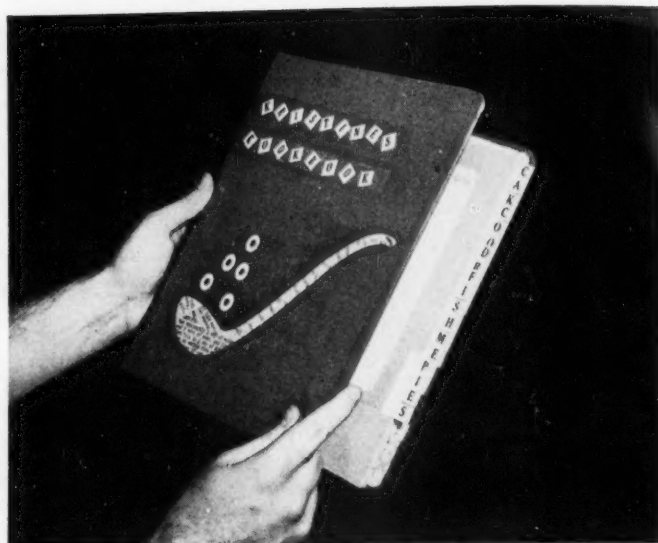
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Beauty

If you are a person who derives an inner glow of satisfaction from creating a home that everyone admires then this book will be a priceless possession—you will have a constant source of answers to difficult home decoration problems—you'll find this big book will become more priceless as the years go by.

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For the cooking scrapbook all you need are: looseleaf binder, glue, scissors, white masking tape, looseleaf reinforcements and index kit.

HOW TO KEEP LOOSE RECIPES IN APPLE-PIE ORDER

If you now file your recipes behind the mantel radio or in a compost heap at the back of your kitchen drawer, here are six simple ways to bring order out of chaos

To make the most of Chatelaine's third tasty batch of "50 Favorite Recipes" in this issue, adopt some simple but tidy plan to keep all your best recipes ready for reference. For instance, many readers tell us they left last January's "50 Favorites" right where we put them, and proceeded to use the January issue itself as their **Chatelaine Recipe Scrapbook** for the year, pasting in additional recipes clipped at a later date on adjoining pages. Or perhaps one of these ideas will appeal to you:

Cooking scrapbook: The idea in the photographs came from a Toronto husband, Fred Edge, who made this scrapbook for his wife. We'll let him describe how he did it:

"First I chose a cloth binder, in this case a green one, with pink pages and cardboard sheets to separate the different recipe sections.

"The first section I labeled Cakes, the next Cookies and so on through Fish, Fowl, Meat and Pies. I don't like salads so I left them out. I do like drinks so I put them in—between Cookies and Fish.

"My wife later changed Drinks to Salads and inserted another section labeled XYZ for things like stewed prunes and other items of 'but-it's-good-for-you's.'

"My wife's name happens to be Christine, which I hadn't considered when I married her, but it lent itself admirably to the alliterative title of 'Kristine's Kookbook.'

"To make the life-size soup ladle, I slipped a sheet of pink paper into the typewriter, leaving the roll-grip loose.

I typed out instructions such as 'stir well,' 'one cup,' 'mix well' and so forth. I tilted the page to stagger the lines, then cut out a rough spoon shape.

"Finally I coated the cover with thin varnish.

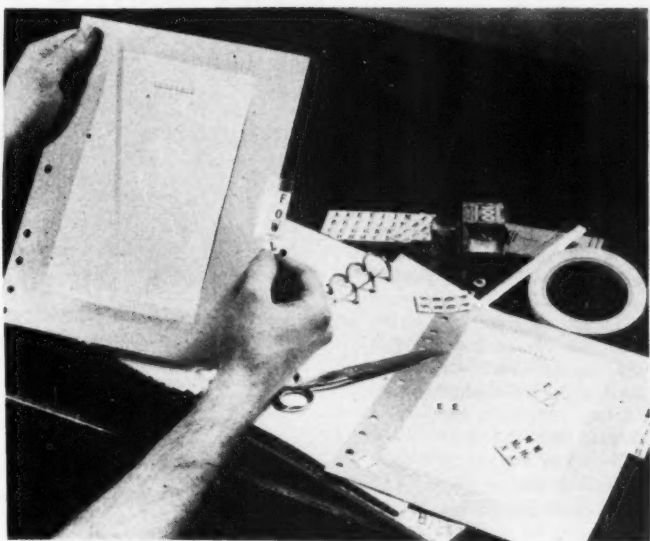
"Total time to make: one hour. Total time saved in fruitless hunting: indefinite."

Scrapbook envelope: For this you need several ten-by-twelve-inch brown paper envelopes—as many as you have recipe sections. Punch holes down one side of each envelope to fit a large looseleaf binder, or just use looseleaf rings to keep them together. Label each envelope Cakes, Fowl, etc. When you clip our recipes in future, just slip them in the proper envelope.

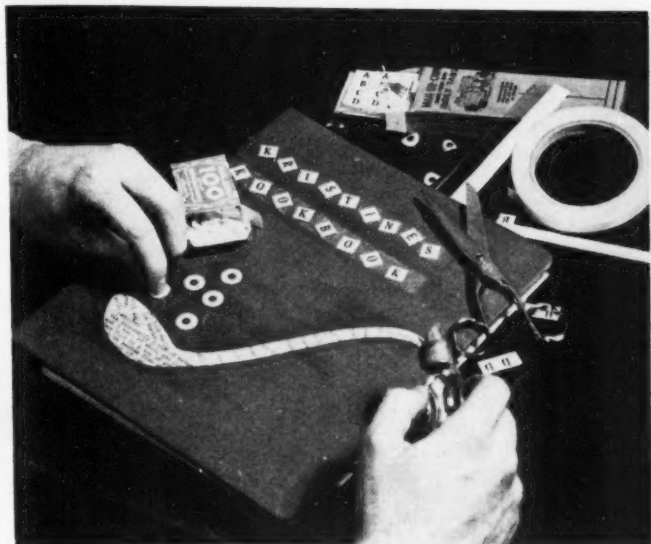
Cardboard file box: Use plain white envelopes for your different recipe divisions, labeled properly. File the envelopes in an ordinary cardboard box, kept at a handy level on your kitchen shelf.

Wooden file box: Handy file cards are sold at any office supply, on which you can paste or copy your recipe. Arrange the cards in a wooden or metal box. The three-by-five, or five-by-seven-inch cards are best. Most stores sell boxes for the smaller sizes. To keep the cards free from cooking smears, waterproof them with shellac thinned with turpentine or spray them with a lacquer bomb available at hardware stores.

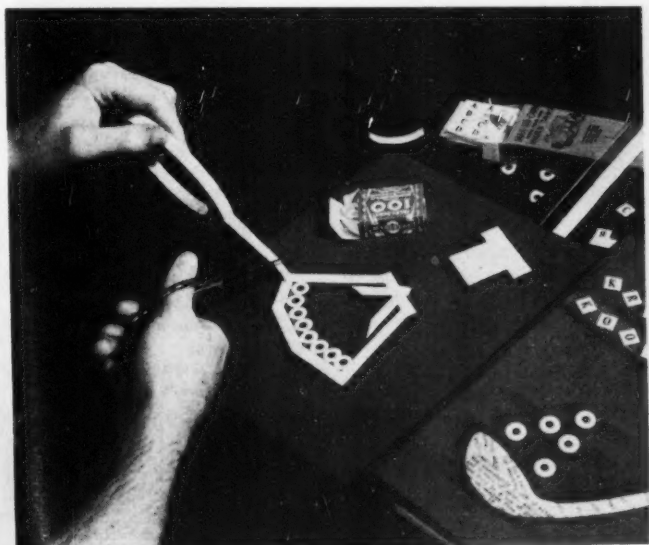
Office file: File the recipes in an accordion-pleated office file available in any office supply or stationery store.



Use index kit letters to spell out titles of sections: e.g. Cakes, Fowl, etc. Glue letters to edge of cardboard sheets in the binder.



Don't try to get the title on straight—it's easier to stagger it. Cut a soup spoon from colored paper. Rings are looseleaf reinforcements.



For the back, glue white masking tape in shape of chef's apron with looseleaf reinforcement trim. The chef's cap is cut from white paper.



When a full nourishment food has a fine flavor, the whole family is delighted. Youngsters give MIL-KO an enthusiastic vote because they like its delicious taste. Mothers select MIL-KO for its high nutrition values, including essential-to-growth proteins and valuable minerals and vitamins. Penny-wise women everywhere use MIL-KO for cooking, baking and table use because it's the best low-cost all-purpose form of food energy they can buy. MIL-KO is registered as top quality CANADA FIRST GRADE.

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Food-Saver

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HEAVY WAXED PAPER

Also ask for Parkdale Shelf-Lining Paper.

BANKING ON LOVE

Continued from page 19

"You could trade in the used car for a new model and borrow money on your house," Tom pointed out. "Economically speaking, a baby is—"

"An income tax exemption," Jean filled in rapidly with quotes from the magazine article, "an investment in tomorrow, insurance against divorce, a crutch for our old age. Haven't you any pride in the family name? Don't you want to pass along the torch of life to coming generations?"

"I want to pay our bills. At the present time we can't take on any additional expenses. I'm an accountant. I ought to know."

"Other people have babies and don't go bankrupt."

"No use arguing, honey. My mind's made up, and that's final."

Several months after Tom laid down the law to Jean, he found himself trapped in a hospital waiting room with a mild-eyed, middle-aged man who wore a patient smile and a mantle of tolerance. "When you've already had four, like

me," he told Tom, "you begin to take them in your stride."

Tom, worried about Jean, welcomed conversation. "This is my first, and last," he said flatly. "If you don't mind a personal question—did your children cost less than nine hundred dollars the first year?"

"Tell you the truth, I never stopped to figure it out, but my guess would be that the initial cost doesn't amount to much compared with the upkeep—you know, electric trains and party dresses, tonsils and adenoids, dancing classes and piano lessons, braces for their teeth, summer camps and snowsuits, airguns and broken windows and home permanents. Not that they aren't worth everything you spend on them, and a thousand times more."

"You really think so? You think children are a good investment?"

"I know what you mean," the older man said. "I've wondered myself, on the bad days. Matter of fact, I was a terrible disappointment to my own mother. She wanted me to be a concert violinist, but I hated to practice, and, what's worse, I didn't have any talent."

"My father had his heart set on me

becoming a football star," Tom confided. "All week long the coach used me for a tackling dummy, and every Saturday I rode the bench."

"Maybe my new baby will out-fiddle Jascha Heifetz and yours will out-football Frankie Filchok," the older man said. "As long as there are children in the house, my wife says, there's always a chance of dreams coming true. Even if they don't turn out to be world-beaters, it's nice to have them around and fun to watch them grow up." He smiled at himself. "I like to think I wasn't a complete failure as a son, even if I couldn't make the grade as another Yehudi Menuhin. As an investment I paid off in grandchildren, and that's better than the stock exchange can do on its best day. My wife says, and I agree with her, that betting on babies and banking on love is the only way to make life worth living."

"Your wife sounds like my wife," Tom said, "but, looking at children from a realistic business viewpoint—"

A nurse appeared in the doorway, and beckoned. "Congratulations, Mr. Eldridge. Mother's resting, but would you like to peek at your brand-new baby boy?"

Tom stared through the nursery window at the bundle held up by the nurse. Putting sentiment aside and taking the cold-blooded, realistic business viewpoint the baby looked like a boiled mummy or a lobster wrapped in a blanket, but Tom immediately discovered a family resemblance and felt a thrill of pride that put a silly smile between his ears. He fought against this impractical attitude, reminding himself that it would cost about eighteen thousand dollars to make the baby self-supporting, a gamble less likely to pay off than the Irish Sweepstakes.

That evening, with a red ribbon in her hair to set off the blue sparkle in her eyes, Jean bragged about the flatness of her abdomen and thanked Tom for the gifts he brought. "I suppose you'll charge the chocolates and flowers and best-seller against the poor baby's account?"

Tom ignored the teasing. "Did you notice how he keeps his fists going and hunches his chin into his left shoulder? It's a little early—"

"Have you examined him for cauliflower ears?" Jean sighed tolerantly. "I might have known you'd start training him for the heavy-

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weight championship to get your money back."

"Well, he won't win any beauty contest."

"Not with that Eldridge nose," Jean agreed with fond complacency. "But he's all ours."

"That's a cinch," Tom said darkly. "The finance company won't repossess him." He brightened. "But maybe Uncle Phelps will kick in with a cash settlement of some kind in return for the honor of—"

"We're not naming the baby after Uncle Phelps."

"Don't joke. He's the only relative we've got in Dun & Bradstreet."

"I don't care. That old walrus! We're naming the baby after your father and mine. Nelson Montgomery Eldridge."

Tom groaned. "You're not yourself, honey. Let's think this over. Let's not make any moves we'll regret. Let's take it from the common-sense angle—Uncle Phelps."

"Everybody in your family has named a baby after Uncle Phelps, and he's still hugging the first dime he ever made. Maybe if we show him that we're not the type to bow and scrape, he'll come around to us with his hat in his hand."

"Now, look here, Jean, as the child's father I've got something to say about this. I demand at least an equal voice in the matter and—"

The birth certificate read: Nelson Montgomery Eldridge. He was a normal, healthy baby, but once home in the apartment he took to crying at the most ungodly hours. Tom walked the midnight floor with him, jiggling furiously. "Maybe he's worried about how much he owes you and how soon you'll demand payment," Jean murmured drowsily from the warm bed. "Or maybe he's just testing his lungs."

"His lungs and our lease," Tom growled, wondering how long it would be until the manager called on them.

It was less than a month. "We've simply had too many complaints from other tenants," the manager explained. "I'm sure you appreciate our position. We'll allow you a reasonable time to vacate—"

Jean tilted her chin. "And if we don't choose to vacate?"

"That would be a problem." The manager's tone matched hers. "We have solved it before, however, without resorting to legal procedure. Unwelcome tenants can be made most uncomfortable. But I'm sure"—his mouth-only smile served notice from the door—"we won't have any trouble, will we?"

"Why borrow more trouble?" Tom said, glaring at little Nelson. He spent the evening with the classified section of the paper and decided aloud that the refusal of landlords to accept children or pets was a Communist plot to lower the birth rate.

"You're getting confused," Jean twinkled. "Aren't you the one who told me that babies were a bad business risk?"

During the following week, Tom combed the town for a suitable apartment. Once, goaded beyond endurance by a manager's questioning, he turned an ultramodern foyer into pandemonium by yelling: "Yes, call the police, take me away, lock me up, I'm guilty, I'm a father!"

Meanwhile, Jean had a different idea

in mind and she surprised him with it when he came home early on Saturday. A short, stocky man with the wrinkled face of a friendly chow sprang from the couch to greet him.

"Mitchell's the name," he announced, pumping Tom's hand, "and Sunset Heights is the location. Suburban estates priced for the modest purse. Only twenty minutes from town, but a million miles closer to heaven. Yes, sir, you've made the right decision, young man!"

"I have?" Tom said uneasily, darting questions at Jean who was dressing little Nelson for an outing.

"My car's at the curb," Mr. Mitchell hinted. "I don't want to rush you, but there are several other promising prospects interested in this place, and—well, frankly, I've taken a liking to you folks, and I'd rather see you get it. Yes, sir, you're my kind of people."

"I know," Tom muttered under his breath. "Suckers!"

"Mr. Mitchell says there's absolutely no obligation," Jean told him, "and it's a beautiful afternoon for a ride."

Tom sat in front beside the realtor. As they drove toward the suburbs he became increasingly uncomfortable and on the defensive. "We hadn't planned on buying," he said finally.

"That's the tragedy of youth," Mr. Mitchell observed. "Not looking ahead, paying rent through the nose, living under fear of eviction, unable to call a foot of God's green earth their own." He shook his head sadly, then gave Tom an approving smile. "But you're the exception. You hadn't planned on buying, no, but now your intelligence accepts the fact that your family must face the future under a roof of its own. Yes, sir, you'll never regret this decision."

Baffled, Tom lapsed into gloomy silence. Mr. Mitchell guided the car onto an arterial highway. From the back seat, Jean began to point out cows and horses to little Nelson who was howling a gale. Mr. Mitchell remarked that he loved children, but that he and Mrs. Mitchell had never been blessed.

"Blessed?" Tom grunted. "How far out did you say this place was?"

"Around twenty minutes."

"By plane? Look, no man wants to live this far from his office."

"Of course he doesn't," Mr. Mitchell agreed. "All of us have that selfish streak. Most of us yield to it and coop our families in the city. A few of us conquer self and do what's best for our loved ones." He beamed at Tom. "Yes, sir, that's what I admire about you."

Jean reached across the seat to put an arm around Tom's neck. "Give up," she whispered. "You're fighting out of your class."

A moment later, Mr. Mitchell turned off the highway and the car bumped over a tar-top road to a billboard that said: If You Lived In Sunset Heights, YOU'D BE HOME NOW!

"There's room to grow out here," Mr. Mitchell said, breathing deeply. "You won't be pestered by neighbors, you own the only home in your block." He parked in front of a ranch-type house framed by a white picket fence. "I'll just sit here," he said, handing Tom the keys. "The place will sell itself. Yes, sir, in my opinion it's the biggest bargain on today's market."

"I've heard that before," Tom said,

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accusing both Jean and little Nelson with his eyes.

The house, furnished in cottage maple, had a friendly, lived-in look. Tom scowled at everything, no matter how much he approved, because he couldn't afford it.

Glowing, Jean raced from room to room.

"Darling, I've never seen such closet space!"

"Let's get out of here," Tom said hurriedly.

"Well?" Mr. Mitchell enquired. "I don't want to rush you folks, but I've got an appointment to show it again at four o'clock. Yes, sir, this might be your last chance, and, frankly, I'd hate to see you lose out. Give me a small deposit to bind the bargain, and we'll arrange easy terms to suit your income."

"Tom," Jean exclaimed, "look at the baby! He's smiling." Her voice turned wistful. "Do you think it's a sign that we should—?"

"I think he planned it this way," Tom growled, reaching for his wallet. "And he's not smiling. He's laughing—at me!"

"Yes, sir"—Mr. Mitchell shook hands with himself—"my kind of people."

As soon as the Eldridge family moved into their new home, Tom found that Mr. Mitchell had neglected to inform them fully about two things. One was the nearby railroad siding on which a cranky locomotive huff-puff-whistled all night long as it slambanged boxcars; the other was his idea of what constituted "easy-walking-distance-to-everything."

"We'll get used to the noise," Jean said cheerfully, "but both the shopping centre and the railway station are a marathon walk away. We can't solve the transportation problem without a car."

"I guess not." Tom stared at little Nelson. "Look, he's laughing again."

In Sunset Heights, the used car operator's name was Kelly, but he advertised himself as the Sad Slovak. "Too many Smiling Irishmen in this game," he explained. "I take it you're in the market for a tudor?"

"Anything but a tudor," Tom said. "I can't stand that body style."

The Sad Slovak drew Tom aside from Jean and little Nelson. "As a family man you ought to know that a tudor is the only car for kids," he said reproachfully. "Your own feelings shouldn't count. With a tudor you can put that son of yours in the back seat and not have to worry about him playing around with gadgets or handles and pitching himself out on the pavement."

Tom was led to a polished tudor that stood on a raised platform under a huge sign. "This rubber's good for another ten thousand," the Sad Slovak bragged. "Her motor runs like a jewelled watch. The upholstery's like new. I'll guarantee you at least twenty miles to a gallon. You'd better grab this one quick."

The sales talk was wasted. Tom's eyes were glued to the sign. It announced: TODAY'S BIGGEST BARGAIN!

Little Nelson gurgled happily on Jean's lap as Tom drove the tudor off the Sad Slovak's lot toward their suburban estate in Sunset Heights, only twenty minutes from town—but a million miles closer to ruin. At least

that's how Tom reworded Mr. Mitchell's slogan as each month saw him juggling the budget to meet car payments, house payments, and lesser obligations, all traceable to a baby who had started life with the promise of costing less than nine hundred dollars the first year.

One evening, as little Nelson's birthday approached, Tom showed the real figures to Jean. "Counting the four new tires for his private tudor, and that bud vase he licked over in the gift shop, he's already put us in the hole twelve thousand seven-hundred-fifty dollars and thirty-nine cents. Our whole future is mortgaged. And for what? Listen to him, screaming his lungs out!"

"The way you talk about him, he probably thinks his crib is a debtors' prison."

"This is serious, Jean. We're barely scraping by each month. If we had only named the baby after Uncle Phelps—"

"Well, we didn't," Jean said with some regret. "Couldn't you ask for a raise? You're worth twice as much as they're paying you."

Lacking her confidence, Tom delayed putting in his request until the day before his son's birthday. Then he knocked gently on Mr. Proctor's door.

The executive frowned. "You're a good man, Eldridge. We'll hate to lose you. But if you've had a better offer—"

"Oh, it's not that, sir. I haven't been shopping around for another job. I'm very happy in my work here."

"You don't sound very happy. Bargaining into my office and demanding a raise."

"But I'm not making any demands," Tom said, backing toward the door. "I'm sorry if I've—"

"We don't want any dissatisfied employees, Eldridge. If you think you're worth more than you're getting, if you consider yourself discriminated against in any way—"

Jean skipped down the walk to meet him at the gate of the white picket fence. "Did you get the raise?"

"I won a moral victory," Tom said. "I've still got my job." He held her at arm's length, admiring the special dress, the pert apron, the saucy hair ribbon. "Company for dinner?"

"You'd never guess who!" She waved a telegram. "Uncle Phelps!" Her eyes

sparkled with excitement. "His plane gets in at six, he'll taxi from the airport, and it also says right here in print that he's making the trip just to help us celebrate the baby's birthday."

Tom picked her up and whirled her around in a hug. "Yes, I said he'd come around to us with his hat in his hand—"

"I switched the best mattress into the guest room and decorated the night table with a medicinal bottle."

"How about the framed photograph he sent us for Christmas? We'd better dig it out of that junk in the attic."

"It's already in the place of honor on the mantel."

"Swell, I'll dash over and get a box of his favorite cigars."

"I baked one of those horrible rhubarb pies. He dotes on them."

Tom's face clouded. "But what'll we do about Nelson?"

"I skipped his afternoon nap. He'll sleep like an angel tonight."

"Just so he sleeps like a baby, I'll be satisfied," Tom said. "And tomorrow we'll worry about tomorrow. It's the first impression that counts."

Except for his paunch, there was nothing soft about Uncle Phelps. He had iron-grey hair and a jaw like granite. His shrewd eyes swept the mantel. "Well, well," he said, "my picture. Thought you'd have that stowed away in an old trunk somewhere."

"We did," Jean said. "But as soon as I got your telegram, I took it out and dusted it off—and there you are."

Her honesty hoodwinked Uncle Phelps. He gave a dry chuckle and asked to see his grandnephew. Little Nelson had his foot in his mouth, and his placid gaze dared any of them to match the trick.

"A good, quiet boy," Uncle Phelps approved. "I believe in the old saying that children should be seen and not heard."

Jean's dinner was a success. Uncle Phelps regaled them with stories of his business deals, how he always kept one jump ahead of the next fellow, and how he could squeeze the last penny of profit from an investment. After a second helping of rhubarb pie, he relaxed over his coffee and accepted a choice cigar from Tom. Puffing slowly on the cigar, he leaned back in his chair and



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shot a sly look at his host and hostess. "Sort of figured you'd name the baby after me."

Tom and Jean stared at the tablecloth.

"Don't know which side your bread is buttered on, huh?"

Their faces grew longer.

"I hate apple polishers," Uncle Phelps said unexpectedly. "I like the spirit you youngsters have shown. No fishing for favors, no whining for help. I check up on all the relatives"—his crafty wink took them into his confidence—"so I knew you've gone pretty deep into debt. But you've got something to show for it."

"More coffee?" Jean rose to pour.

Uncle Phelps said that too much coffee kept him awake. He led the way into the living room. "There's a matter I want to discuss with both of you."

Tom and Jean exchanged rapt glances, hardly daring to breathe for fear of breaking the spell.

Shoes off, head bolstered by couch pillows, and contentedly smoking his second cigar, Uncle Phelps murmured, "There's nothing like the peace and quiet of the country. I'll have to come more often."

"There's no one we'd rather not have visit us," Jean said.

Tom cringed, but his wife's frankness fooled Uncle Phelps again. He chuckled. "About that little matter I mentioned. I didn't bring any presents for the baby. I wanted to get the feel of things first, and make up my mind whether you deserved any help. I don't believe in buying a lot of foolish junk for kids to break. My policy is to write a cheque, and that's what I intend to do tomorrow."

Anything else Uncle Phelps had to say was an anticlimax. At nine he yawned himself off to bed. "Didn't get a wink of sleep on the plane," he said. "Let's not have an early breakfast."

"Do you think," Tom asked Jean, "we could give Nelson a sleeping pill?"

So accustomed had they become to its clamor that they both forgot about the cranky locomotive. At midnight, as they were getting ready for bed, a whistle shrieked and boxcars began to slam-bang down the railroad siding.

Uncle Phelps, in a nightgown that would have made Jean giggle under happier circumstances, came roaring out of his room. He seemed to hold them personally responsible for the racket. "It's very hard for me to get back to sleep once I've been disturbed," he complained. "And I need my rest."

Tom and Jean went to bed, but the cranky locomotive continued to huff-puff-whistle and they heard Uncle Phelps' bedsprings protest again at the outrage. The train noises finally stopped, however, and Tom fell asleep only to be aroused at a dark hour by Jean shaking him.

"Hurry!" she said. "Nelson is starting to whimper."

Tom walked the floor, jiggling desperately, but little Nelson grew louder and Uncle Phelps' bedsprings renewed their protests. With dawn streaking the sky, Jean tried to restore peace and quiet.

Little Nelson wanted no part of it. In a tantrum he knocked his glass of milk and bowl of porridge from the high chair to the floor. Uncle Phelps, his face purple, stormed into the kitchen.

"Do something!" he ordered savagely.

"Keep that brat quiet!"

"Mind your own business," Jean told him. "You old crab apple!"

"So!" Uncle Phelps turned to Tom. "Are you going to let your wife stand there and insult me?"

"This is her home."

"As long as you can keep up the payments, young man, and don't expect any help from me after what's happened!"

Tom shrugged, suddenly indifferent and at peace with the world in the midst of commotion. For the first time he saw Uncle Phelps as a selfish, bitter, frustrated man who had pinned all his faith on a false set of values and been sold short on happiness.

"You're all sour inside," he said, "because you can't buy what we've gone in debt for. You pretend your cheque book is a magic wand because you can't afford to admit even to yourself how badly you've failed in what really counts. You can't sleep nights because you're jealous of people like us."

Uncle Phelps stepped back, as if from a madman.

"What have you got to show for your life?" Tom asked quietly. "Money in the bank? I've got a baby in a high chair. Stocks and bonds? I've got a living, breathing, yelling investment in tomorrow. Maybe another Harry James or Walt Disney or Mario Lanza or—"

"I'm leaving," Uncle Phelps cut him short in disgust. "Kindly call me a cab."

"I'll drive you to the airport," Tom said. "I'm sorry everything had to happen this way, sir."

"We planned it differently," Jean said with a warm smile. "We're really

sorry your trip was spoiled."

But Uncle Phelps left without a courteous word.

Home again from the airport, Tom found little Nelson crowing contentedly from his high chair. He had spilled a second helping of porridge on his head and was wearing the empty bowl for a crown.

"Meet the king," Jean said. "Did Uncle Phelps make the plane?"

"He looked so lonely walking across that airport," Tom said. "I felt like running after him and calling him back. In fact, I did. But he misunderstood me. He told me I could spare my breath, because we'd never get a cent from him."

"Poor old rich fellow," Jean said softly. "Tom, what are the names of some girl babies who grew up to be famous and paid off as wonderful investments like those boy babies you mentioned? I've been holding back the news, because I know how worried you are about expenses, but—"

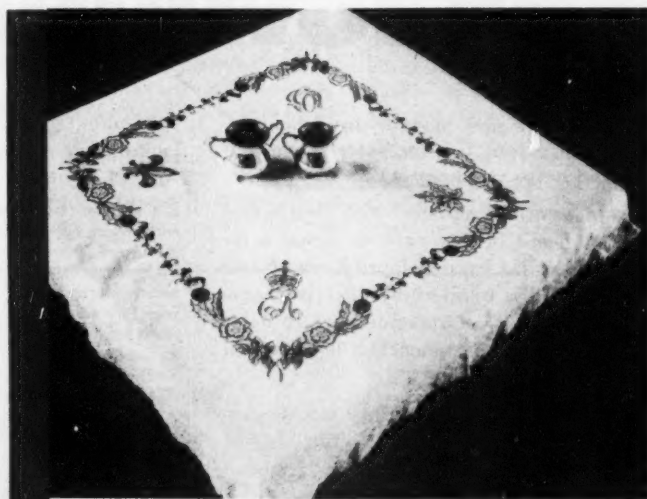
Tom kissed her. "Congratulations, and don't worry. When there's a baby in the house, there's always a chance of dreams coming true. With two babies, our chances will be twice as good. I ought to know. I'm an accountant."

"We're betting on babies and banking on love," Jean smiled. "That almost sounds like a popular song."

"Maybe Nelson will write it," Tom said. "He could be another Irving Berlin."

With the eyes of explorers gazing at the unknown wonders of a new continent, mother and father stared at their child.

"Today's biggest bargain," Jean murmured. "Now and always." +



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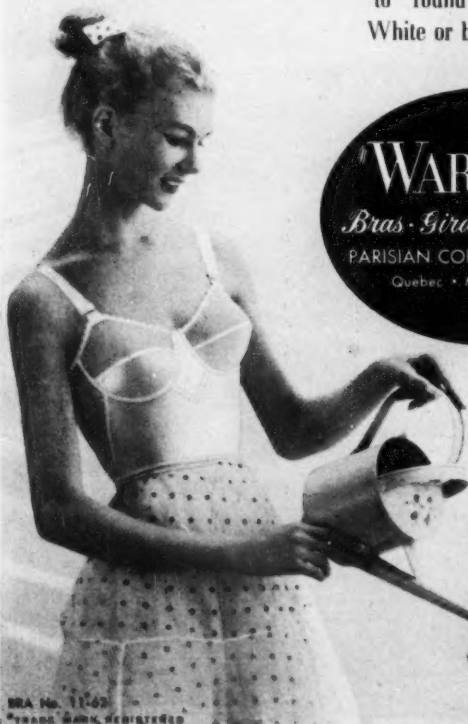
Noreen
SUPER
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52-2

You can look like a pet without feeling pinched!

Fashion says it's the slim silhouette. So Warner's dreamed up this long-line "A'Lure" bra to smooth your midriff with gentle persuasion.

Satin elastic sides for a nice hug, and nylon marquisette cups to "round out" the picture.
White or black at better stores.



BRA No. 11-62
TRADE MARK, REGISTERED

PHONY BARGAINS

Continued from page 21

contract did she realize that she had paid a lot more money for a vacuum cleaner than she had intended. There may have been nothing wrong with the machine she bought—but she had fallen for the lure of a phony bargain.

This type of high-pressure salesmanship is widespread throughout Canada, the Better Business Bureau reports. One salesman who was quizzed about this practice frankly replied: "I'd lose my job if I sold more than one of those rebuilt jobs a week."

The same technique is used with vacuum cleaners, washing machines, sewing machines, and other household appliances, and the procedure never varies: advertise a "rebuilt bargain" of a well-known make, give a bad demonstration, then follow with an impressive demonstration of a brand-new model. The housewife may or may not get her money's worth if she buys the new model. She certainly gets no bargain.

With the coming to these shores of so many New Canadians in recent years, an old racket has reappeared in fresh dress. Again, it is aimed at the bargain instinct, and again, it is directed almost exclusively at women. The agent may be a poorly dressed man who comes to the door with a hard-luck story about being newly arrived in this country, having no money and wanting to dispose of some fine Scottish tweed, Irish linen or Belgian lace he has brought with him.

He adopts the appropriate accent. The housewife, intrigued partly by the story and partly by the hardup man's "sacrifice offer," makes a quick purchase. Upon later reflection and examination she usually finds that she could buy the identical material at a much cheaper price in any department store. Sometimes the agent is a woman who prowls the washrooms in office buildings, where she beguiles office girls with her heart-rending story and "bargain" offer.

Only the reputable dealer is a worthwhile guarantee that an "antique" isn't a clever fabrication.

Many women are fascinated by the word "antique." I know that my wife has to put up a strong battle with herself to pass a store flaunting that word or sign in the window. And sometimes yielding is fatal. It was in Ottawa that I faced a very delicate situation at the home of some Rockcliffe friends. The lady of the house showed me a beautiful table which she had purchased at a local "antique sale." It was French, delicate, a "genuine Louis Quinze." It even had the worm holes to prove it. An antique dealer in Paris had once told me that worm holes can be faked, but the fake may be detected with a bent pin. Wood worms dip into the wood and then cut galleries parallel to the surface. A fake worm hole will have no such gallery, and the bent pin will quickly reveal this fact.

While my hostess was pouring a drink for me, I picked up a pin from a handy pin cushion, bent the tip, and inserted it into a "worm hole." There was no gallery. The hostess detected me in the operation and asked me what I was doing. A warning glance from my wife, who had been watching the experiment, froze the honest explanation on my lips. "Just removing a piece of wax," I said

lamely, and hastily gulped my drink.

If you have children in the family, beware of the fast-talking photographer who tells you that your child has been selected as a candidate in a "beautiful child" contest. He will take photos of your youngster and collect a fee from you—and that may be the last you hear of either photographer or baby contest.

In some cases you may receive your pictures, but you never hear any more about the spurious contest—and photography that takes that kind of selling is likely to do less than justice to your small fry.

Protect yourself in such a case by telephoning the firm which is supposed to be sponsoring the contest—or the nearest merchant who handles its product. There are honest and able photographers in many communities who will photograph your children in your home. And any of these will welcome your request for names of friends and neighbors whom he has previously served.

You are concerned about your health. Rightly so. But beware of the advertisement or word-of-mouth claims which contradict the findings of medical science. The Better Business Bureau states flatly:

There is no known product that, in itself, constitutes a competent treatment for such conditions as diabetes, influenza, kidney diseases, or tuberculosis.

There is no known drug or combination of drugs known to medical science that can remove the habitual desire for drink or drugs.

The Bureau investigators state flatly that soaps, creams, bath salts, and other external applications will not in themselves permanently reduce obesity.

In most cases, eyeglasses sold by mail order are merely magnifying glasses which may subject the wearer's eyes to damaging strain. Only an examination by a qualified eye specialist can assure the proper prescription for an eye condition requiring spectacles.

But the phony health remedies extend from these nostrums into the higher psychological atmosphere of "faith healing," which in turn ranges from fortune-telling and relics of witchcraft remedies to highclass bunkum that has amassed fortunes for its successful practitioners. And when one moves into the realm of "faith healing" one treads on delicate ground. People want to have faith in something and in today's confused world the racketeer simply sells something that is much in demand.

The Montreal Better Business Bureau learned to its own acute embarrassment that faith healers actually profit from being exposed. The Bureau undertook to expose one particularly flagrant practitioner who still actively circulates through Quebec, Eastern Ontario and the New England States. The man is a millionaire—has two Cadillacs, no less. He merely declares that he is the seventh son of a seventh son, and that people have been known to be helped simply by being in his presence. So, he sits in his office behind a big desk. Visitors are ushered into his presence, stay there a few moments without speaking or greeting him, and then go out. They make a cash "donation" on their way out. The "faith healing" dodge is just as crude as that, and yet when the Bureau undertook to expose him it was besieged with queries:

"Where can we get in touch with him?"

YOUR AGE

Continued from page 17

this habit of chastising others publicly is mainly a characteristic of the older woman. You know the sort I mean. She doesn't like the food the waitress brings so she angrily tells her to take it back. She complains loudly about her seat in a theatre . . . the crowd in a streetcar . . . the service in a grocery store. She berates servants, garage attendants, sales girls . . . anyone who is unlucky enough to wait on her. All with an air of divine righteousness, too."

Into the office of H. Ramsay Park, Trenton, Ont., lawyer, come women of all ages in search of legal advice and eager to tell him all—all, that is, but their age. However, after years of talking to women, lawyer Park can guess their age as accurately as a carnival specialist. "It's the expression on a woman's face that gives away her age," the knowledgeable Ramsay Park told me. "For some reason the older a woman gets, the more fixed her expression becomes. She develops the patient martyr look. Or a look of chronic ill humor. Or the expression of having missed the boat . . . that never-had-a-good-time-in-my-life look. Then there's the middle-aged terror who looks sternly disapproving at the world."

"The sort of woman you admire," I suggested, "is the enigma. The woman whose face is a mask . . . expressionless, telling nothing."

"Not at all. That's not youth—just boredom. I think a young face is mainly a responsive one. Youth is responsive, age isn't. The woman who continues to smile with you, laugh with you, sympathize with you, will never be old. At least not for my money, she won't."

"Mmm, women," mused E. G. Wanger, a native of Austria who was educated in Vienna, Paris and Rome. Mr. Wanger, free-lance writer and Toronto drama critic, accustomed to analyzing feminine actions professionally, said: "A man needs a friendship with an older woman. She can be advisor and friend to him. I do not think Canadians understand this friendship that can exist between a man and an older woman. In Europe when a woman reaches perhaps forty she is often taken about . . . to the theatre . . . to concerts . . . by men a little younger than herself. No, I do not mean they are having a love affair," he smiled, "but an older woman fulfills a need in a young man's life. In Canada, you see instead two women of this interesting age together . . . always together. It is, you know, rather sad."

"But how does an older woman remain attractive?" I persisted.

"She must fight intolerance and prejudice," quickly replied the worldly Mr. Wanger. "The woman who is really intelligent, who knows the world, has at least tried to learn about life and people, does not have a small and petty way of thinking. She does not freely condemn and criticize. And because she keeps her mind open, always ready to learn, to change and to grow . . . she is pleasant, even exciting to be with. What difference does it make then—if she is twenty-six or fifty-six? If her mind is alert and unprejudiced, she always has something to offer—the stimulation of a good intelligence!"

William Mickle, an Imperial Oil executive in Edmonton, said: "A woman is young as long as she remains feminine. A man always prefers a feminine woman, naturally," grinned this urbane oil man, "and if he is deeply conscious of her as a woman he doesn't bother to think how old she may be."

"It always surprises me," he continued, "that a woman can let herself lose her femininity over the years. She neglects the habits she had as a young girl and develops instead a new set of

habits, unfeminine and unattractive.

"She wears a poor make-up . . . applies her lipstick briefly . . . does not take care of her skin. Perfume? She has forgotten about it. These, of course, are just outward habits of appearance. The other habits she often adopts which are essentially masculine and seem to go with her careless appearance are aggressiveness, the loud voice, harshness . . ."

But hold it, Bill Mickle, that's where we came in with Bruce Murray. So

let's set down a check list of these tell-tale habits that tip off a woman's age:

Loud, harsh voice.
I'm-right-you're-wrong attitude.
Aggressive manner.
Extreme determination.
Pursed lips.
Rudeness. Ticking off others in public.
Droopy posture, walking or sitting.
Fixed expression.
Allowing frustrations to show on face.
Intolerance. Prejudice.
Unfeminine way of dressing. ♦

If you're neglecting dry skin... watch out!

by Rosemary Hall
BEAUTY AUTHORITY



I am always amazed at some women. They spend hours nursing plants, exclaim with horror if a begonia wilts. But these same women do nothing to keep their own dry skin from getting thirstier, flakier, more withered . . . and just plain wrinkled.

If you're neglecting dry skin, let me caution you . . . you're adding years to your face! Perhaps you think skin care is expensive, time-consuming? Well, there is a dry skin care that costs pennies, takes less than five minutes a day, and will make you look like a new woman!

I'm talking about Woodbury Dry Skin Cream, with its amazing new penetrating ingredient, Penaten! Penaten carries the lanolin and other rich softening oils in the cream deep into the important corneum layer of your skin.



While many creams just stay on the surface of your skin, Woodbury penetrates—so quickly—five minutes' care is all you need!

here's a simple routine I recommend.

With your fingertips, cream this rich Woodbury Dry Skin Cream in tiny circles about your eyes, nose and mouth, over your cheeks and forehead. With firm upward strokes, work the cream over your throat and neck. Leave it on for five minutes, then . . . tissue off!



Dry lines and rough flakes will be gone. You'll notice a fresh new bloom in your face, and others will notice it too! Try Woodbury Dry Skin Cream. It costs 23¢, 45¢, 78¢, \$1.15. The results are priceless.



Jane
Russell's
advice to
a fan

Dear Rosalind,
Just finished filming my new R.K.O. Radio Picture "Montana Belle".
Now to answer your question: I use Woodbury Cold Cream! It has a marvelous new ingredient—Penaten! They say it penetrates deep into pore openings—loosens every trace of make-up. And I believe it does! I've used the most expensive face creams and nothing's ever made my skin so fresh and smooth as Woodbury Cold Cream! Try it!

Kindest regards,

Jane Russell



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For the Mother-To-Be



1



2

3



4

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2. A straight jacket and adjustable skirt, 8434, 12-20, 50c.
3. All-day suit—a jacket and cut-out skirt, 3464, 12-18, 35c.
4. Party dress with adjustable skirt teamed with a flared topper, 8448, 11-18, 50c.

Order from your Simplicity pattern dealer or from the Pattern Dept., Chatelaine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

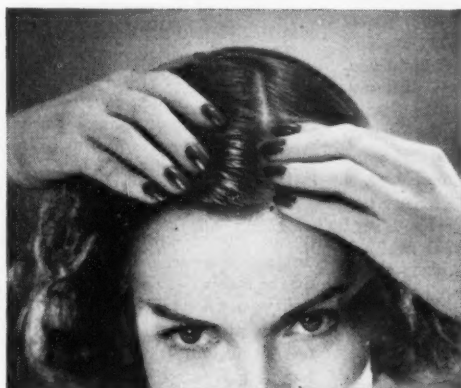
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permanents, stiff dry hair!**

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Rub gently but thoroughly until scalp and hair are cream-washed... Cream-Toned! Let the Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing work its way to the very ends of your hair. Leave it on for a few minutes (or overnight if you wish)... then shampoo.



Then see how clean your scalp is... how free of dandruff... how relaxed and healthy it feels. And notice how soft, how pliable every strand of hair is... easy to manage, gleaming, without frizziness or excess oiliness. Your hair is more than clean... it's conditioned!

**2 To rinse away
tangles!**



Snarls and tangles rinse away like magic with a teaspoon of Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing in your final shampoo rinse. Leaves hair lustrous lovely, smooth and natural... not too oily, not too dry!

**3 For daily good
grooming!**



Keep a neat part! Soften brittle ends! Control fly-away-wisps, keep dryness, dandruff in check... all in a jiffy with Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing! Every day, rub a few drops along your part, then brush to gleaming loveliness!



Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing is the exciting new way to softer, lovelier, easier-to-manage hair. Contains Lanolin and Cholesterol to condition hair to new beauty.

P.S. Cream-Tone Conditioning works best with Lady Wildroot Shampoo, a mild liquid cream.

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I MARRY DIVORCEES

Continued from page 15

his wife of infidelity admitted that he was guilty too. Indeed, the unfaithful ones were the most suspicious.

I have come to be not too interested in stories of the past, or in trying to determine who was guilty or innocent. Seldom is it a black and white situation. Usually infidelity is the result, not the cause of estrangement. Present attitudes and future hopes interest me more, thanks to a theological conviction that the size or the nature of a sin does not matter to Him whose forgiveness we need.

For several years I was rather proud of my strict attitude and let my more liberal-minded brethren know it wasn't just anyone at all who could come to me and expect soft treatment. It so happened that in my community I was not apt to come into contact with the more involved cases. Then one day I felt duty bound to break my self-imposed rule.

I married a couple whose record was morally black—yet I look back on it now as one of the most satisfying marriages I have ever performed.

The girl was the daughter of socially prominent people. When very young she married a somewhat older man of whom her family warmly approved. After a few weeks she left her husband, I know not why. During the family recriminations and bitterness which followed she ran away from her home in company with a young man, also of good family, who had been her boy friend before her marriage. They went to another city, lived together and had a child. Both families disowned them. This was in the depression. Neither had been trained for hard work; both had been used to comfort, even luxury.

They lived in rooming houses and through loneliness and bitterness and poverty clung to each other and their little daughter of whom both were very fond. Eventually the girl's real husband divorced her, and at that point a child welfare worker came into the picture, won their confidence and became their friend. As soon as the divorce was made final they wished to get married, and the welfare worker brought them to me. Both were still young and attractive; I think they were sincerely in love, and anxious to face their child as legally married parents. I broke my rule, and I was glad.

Following their marriage I helped to get them located in a church where even the minister had no knowledge of their past. They joined the married couples' club, and with new confidence and hope began to live as they might, had they been married in their home city before the series of tragic mistakes.

I hesitate to say these things sometimes, for I know how differently some other ministers, with whom I agree on most basic matters, disagree with me on this subject. Yet as far as I can learn, many ministers of the United, Presbyterian, Baptist and other smaller churches do hold similar convictions.

The Roman Catholic church, of course, refuses to recognize divorce from a marriage solemnized by the church, and because divorced persons who remarry are considered to be living in sin, they are entirely barred from the sacraments. The Church of England feels much

the same way, and Anglican clergymen are not permitted to remarry divorced persons. However, divorcees who have been remarried in a civil ceremony or by a non-Anglican minister may continue to receive the sacraments if their rector is permitted by his Bishop to admit them as full communicants.

Presbyterian ministers, strictly speaking, are permitted to marry only the "innocent" party in a divorce, but again in practice ministers are so conscious of the ambiguity in such matters that they will usually discreetly consider each case on its merits.

The United Church, which undoubtedly marries more divorced persons than any other denomination in Canada, has given a great deal of thought to the whole problem. In 1948 my church passed certain restrictive rules prohibiting retired ministers and those not in active pastoral work from marrying divorcees, asking for a two-week waiting period between notification of the minister and the actual marriage service. After two years these regulations were removed by the General Council. The United Church instructs its ministers to "enquire diligently into the facts concerning the projected union, and when it appears that the new union was the cause and the objective of the dissolution of the previous marriage the minister should decline to participate."

This of course all means that it is in the new marriage the pastor should be interested. Ministers are urged to follow with friendly pastoral care those who have entered upon the task of building a second home.

Rabbi Abraham Feinberg of Holy Blossom Temple, Toronto, tells me that in his liberal branch of Judaism no distinction as regards marriage is made by the Rabbi between persons who have or have not been divorced. The orthodox Rabbis also remarry divorcees without restriction, he says, except that they require a Jewish or ecclesiastical divorce in addition to the civil one.

In every church, of course, there are ministers whose personal opinions differ from the official view. I know one United Church minister who refuses to marry divorced people regardless of circumstances, and I have an Anglican friend who frequently scolds the Bishop behind his back for not being willing to make an exception.

They Must Be Sincere

It is no wonder that the divorcee is confused, and is tempted to turn to the magistrate or judge for a civil marriage, even when he or she sincerely desires a prayer said at this important moment.

Sometimes I still turn divorced persons away. I'm afraid I often put strangers off when they call me on the phone—but I weaken when they come to see me. Or occasionally one comes to see me who seems to be very blasé about it all, and I do not want to risk asking any one to repeat after me those solemn obligations unless they are utterly sincere.

Once, before civil marriage was possible in Ontario, I offered to take off my collar and give a strictly civil service to a couple who in my opinion should have been married, but who did not seem to be in the mood for what I thought Christians should want. I knew their attitude might be surface hardness designed to cover up their fear of being rejected. I didn't know much about

them but their reputation was a little spotty.

I told them that I realized they were a little on the spot in having to go to a minister, that I did not want to take advantage of them in order to deliver a sermon, and that if they didn't believe as I did, I would be glad to marry them simply in the name of the Province of Ontario. This was just after the war, and the man—an ex-serviceman—knew I had been in uniform too. He looked at me and said, "Look, Padre, I know neither of us have been what we should have been. My girl friend got a bad name when she got her divorce, and I've done a lot of drinking and running around. But we've talked it all over. We know what we want now. We want to settle down and get a home of our own, and maybe have a family. If you think it would help to read something and say a prayer, we'd like the works."

That was not quite the way I had been used to hearing the marriage service discussed, but I felt this couple was sincere, and so I took a lot of trouble with that little wedding. They didn't let me down either, and although he is not teaching Sunday School, the man does go to church fairly often and he and his wife are respected citizens in the community where they now live.

No Hotel Receptions

I have an idea that marriages should be solemnized in a place set aside for worship, and in my church I am fortunate enough to have a small chapel. The couples who come quietly, without even their own witnesses, expecting to be married in my study or vestry, always get the suggestion that we slip into the chapel for the service. They usually like the idea. I marry divorced people there too, although sometimes they seem surprised that this is possible.

At the same time I don't approve a big, showy wedding for divorcees. Occasionally they come to me weeks in advance beginning to line up plans for a big affair with all the social trimmings. I am apt to be discouraging. Sometimes I suspect they are high-pressured into this sort of thing by their friends, and are a little susceptible to any suggestion that they should try to show people an old divorce is not going to get them down.

Once I had a couple come with tentative plans for a big affair in a hotel, including the actual marriage ceremony. Now I don't even like seeing receptions held in the average hotel, let alone the service itself. After I talked with them for a while I learned they were not so very keen about the idea but that they thought it was not possible to hold the wedding in a church. As neither had a home of their own they had been talked into the plan by a friend who knew a man who was the assistant manager of the hotel.

Both were relieved when we finally settled on a quiet religious service in our own chapel with half a dozen close friends. It is possible the champagne-thirsty guests were disappointed by the change in arrangements.

A friend of mine with whom I sometimes discuss these problems complains that ministers like me are encouraging divorce by our liberal attitude. He says when a minister marries a divorced person in the church building he makes divorce respectable. He admits sym-

pathy for those whose marriages fail, but thinks that living a life of loneliness is the price society must exact in order to discourage others from an easy solution.

He has reminded me of a survey conducted by a sociologist several years ago in which some two hundred divorced persons were asked if, before their first marriage, they had considered the possibility of divorce if it didn't work out. Some eighty-five percent admitted the thought had crossed their minds. For them the service should have read, "until death or the divorce courts do us part."

I admit my friend has a point. At the same time I have never heard of a couple who were induced to settle down and make a go of their marriage because they knew that if it failed they would find difficulty in getting a minister to officiate at a second one.

I do know there are couples who live in a common law relationship or worse because they have been refused by a minister and are afraid to risk a lecture or a second rejection. And I know of so many others who having found from the clergy kindness, understanding, and an assurance that there is no mistake which cannot be forgiven and no problem which cannot be worked out by sincere and penitent people, are now building happy and fruitful Christian homes.

It seems to me that this refusal puts the emphasis on the wrong spot. My experience is that I have far more reason to feel doubtful about a first marriage than a second. Some of these young people who rush into marriage seem so casual, so indifferent to the sacredness of their vows, so much less interested in the sacred service than in the gowns and the jewelry. But I rarely have that feeling at a second marriage.

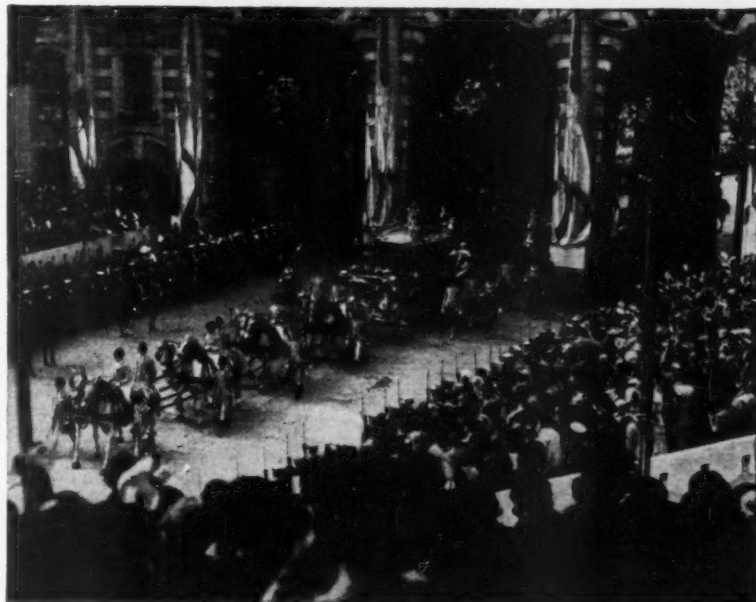
When a man or a woman has gone through all the suffering and embarrassment a divorce involves; when they have seen the lawyers and the judges; when they have heard the advice of their friends and the criticism of others; when they are deeply conscious that along the way they may have hurt one or many whom they once loved; when they have learned by bitter experience how little irritations and neglects may become so big that love between a husband and wife is destroyed;—when, after all that, they bypass the judge and the magistrate who could marry them in a civil ceremony and come to me, I am very loath to add more difficulties.

If by saying a prayer, reading from the Word, or asking them to repeat those old promises I can be of a little help, I am satisfied. In such affairs the power of God to answer prayer must not be underestimated.

But how to encourage the divorcee, yet discourage divorce? How to tell a divorced person that the minister is ready to assist and give his blessing on a second marriage, without encouraging someone else to seek a hasty solution to his own domestic situation by securing a divorce?

If these questions seem paradoxical, and they are, it must be remembered that in many other such matters we find a paradox too. For we hate drunkenness, yet we love the drunkard; we abhor stealing, but we tell the thief there is a place for him in paradise. We regret divorce but for the one on whom the bitter thing has come, I believe we must say forget the past, there is hope and brightness for the future. ✦

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THE QUEEN

Continued from page 11

Education, met Toronto's Victoria Cross winners and took a salute from a battalion of cadets. They were then driven through packed streets to the University where they were greeted, first by ten thousand cheering students, and then by the University Chancellor.

For lunch they were separated, Princess Elizabeth to meet one hundred young Toronto matrons, Prince Philip to address a luncheon of the Board of Trade. A fifteen-minute sample of a hockey game was sandwiched in here as a welcome but brief respite. Then they were off again to Riverdale Park to be viewed by ten thousand more schoolchildren, receive another bouquet, and meet—for the second time that same day—Toronto's Board of Education. A visit to two hospitals, two more inspections, three more presentations and three more "thank-you" speeches from the Princess and they were hustled back to the train to make a quick change into full dress for the State Dinner. Nine hundred people, one more presentation, and a final speech of thanks had to be dealt with before they were finally able to go back to their train at eleven o'clock.

The reporters who followed them around that day wrote of Princess Elizabeth as "white-faced and obviously tired," and one of them pleaded, "Let us be kind to the Princess."

Before Princess Elizabeth and her husband left England they had asked for "an informal holiday" in Canada; a "sort of second honeymoon." They had asked that Canadians "should not spend a lot of money on entertainments" which neither of them wanted. But enthusiasm often confuses public loyalty, especially when the expression of this loyalty is arranged by proud officials. The program in Canada went on, from coast to coast; and when Princess Elizabeth returned to England she was so tired that her doctors ordered her three weeks rest.

Abroad or at home, the young Queen has never spared herself when the intimidating carpet of duty has been spread before her. We have only to turn over the pages of the royal diary and choose a week—June 25 to July 1, 1952—to realize that officials in Britain are quite as exacting as those in the overseas Commonwealth countries.

At 10 p.m. on June 25, the Queen traveled by night train to Edinburgh, a journey of four hundred miles. At 10 a.m. next morning she was received by the Lord Mayor and had to shake hands with a platoon of officials. She then inspected the guard of honor, and drove through a sea of cheering people to Holyroodhouse for the ceremony of presenting the keys. The Queen inspected another guard of honor; then another group of officials, in the courtyard. At noon she drove to the Scottish Craft Centre, and at 1 o'clock entertained a number of people at lunch. The program was resumed at 11 o'clock next morning with a visit to the Royal College of Nursing, and at noon another splendid, but exhausting, ceremony took place at Holyroodhouse. At 4 p.m. the Queen held a presentation party, and at night she dined with the Royal Company of Archers.

These duties and tedious formalities went on for six days—installation services, garden parties, salutes, community singing—all ending with another night journey back to London.

The bottom of the official printed program for the Scottish visit bore a note—"A bag will leave Buckingham Palace daily . . . A bag will leave Holyroodhouse daily . . ." This meant that the Queen's desk work—the reading and signing of government papers from Whitehall—went on as usual on top of her exhausting round of official visits and duties.

Queen Elizabeth's own nature is likely to encourage people who would selfishly take advantage of her kindness. She is, and always has been, inherently unselfish. I was living in the cloisters of Windsor Castle during the years of her childhood, and I used to see Queen Mary at a window on Sunday afternoons, holding up the little girl who waved a plump hand to the people on the east terrace; the townspeople who had come to see the thousands of red geraniums and to listen to the band. As the Princess grew older, stories of her unselfishness were part of our day-to-day gossip. When she played a juvenile card game with other children in her nursery, she would always help the younger ones to win.

When the master at the little school in Windsor Forest produced the annual pantomime, in which Princess Elizabeth took part, he noted her care lest any of the gardeners' children might be overlooked during rehearsal. One day at Windsor during the war, when her parents were in London, the Princess

had to act as hostess to some older people. On her left sat a Canon of Windsor whom she had always known; on her right was a visitor who was shy and silent. The Princess talked to the stranger most of the time during luncheon and explained afterward to the Canon, "I hope you did not mind, but he was shy and I felt that I ought to devote myself to him."

This gentle care for others—which makes her vulnerable to the selfish—has not diminished since she became Queen. A few weeks after her accession, detachments from the Grenadier Guards were drawn up for inspection in the quadrangle of Windsor Castle. As Queen Elizabeth came to the door, fierce rain was falling, and the governor of the castle suggested that she might postpone the ceremony. The young Queen quickly replied, "I am not going to disappoint them," and she went through with the inspection in the pouring rain.

The family life that the Queen enjoyed as a child was a pattern for the world. Of her parents, Winston Churchill once said, "They have the rare talent of being able to make a mass of people realize, in a flash, that they are good." Just as King George VI ruled his people through example, so he influenced his children with the same virtue. Queen Elizabeth knows full well the courage with which her father assumed his tasks, from the first day when he sat at his desk as King, and said to a cousin who asked him what he was going to do, "I do not know, but I am going to do my best."

The almost frightening evidence of

what that "best" entailed is in the story of King George's work during the war—the war that provided the background of Princess Elizabeth's childhood. Her father visited every division of the Army that embarked for the battle zones, including all the Commonwealth troops trained in Britain; he went to the Home Fleet five times and he inspected almost every Royal Air Force station in Britain. In the five years of war he made some three hundred railway trips, covering forty thousand miles. It was from such ordeals that he returned to his family circle at Windsor. Except for an interlude in Scotland, Princess Elizabeth stayed within the danger area about London for the greater part of the war, and she saw her father depart on those incredible expeditions to visit his forces. On one of these journeys, in June, 1943, King George flew fifty-eight thousand miles and fulfilled forty-five engagements in eleven days.

We read these figures with ease, but when we think of what such duties involve—for any one human being—we may begin to fear for the young Queen. We should realize that the whole program of royal service must be revised, and that the inspiration of this revision must come from the people themselves, if our monarchy is to survive with any degree of private happiness and peace. The whispered vow must be, "This is not going to happen to Queen Elizabeth."

When she was eighteen Princess Elizabeth performed her first public duty. In November 1944, she traveled in great secrecy to "a northern port," to name and launch HMS *Vanguard*, "the greatest battleship yet built in the British Isles." We read, in the guarded report suitable to the security of war, that: "She took her place on the launching platform . . . she showed every sign of pleasure and nothing at all of flurry or embarrassment at her cordial welcome. She acknowledged it with smiles, and a little movement of her right hand, very like that of her mother."

The Princess pressed the button which released the ship: the White Ensign was hoisted and the chain cables ran out with a "mighty rushing sound, raising clouds of red dust." The description ended, "Princess Elizabeth, a brave and winsome figure, watched with rapt eyes." Thus the story of "service" and "duty" began, for one more generation of a remarkable dynasty.

In Buckingham Palace hangs a map on which the many engagements of the royal family are marked with little flags. The map was introduced in King George V's time, so that he could know exactly where and when the members of his family were appearing in public; and at the end of each year an analysis—an annual balance sheet of duty—was prepared for the King to take to Sandringham, so that he could examine it over the Christmas holidays. During the last ten years of his reign, King George V and Queen Mary, the Princess and their wives, kept almost three thousand public engagements. The records were continued into the reign of King George VI, and in December, 1944, when HMS *Vanguard* was launched, a new set of flags was introduced and pinned to the map, to record the public duties performed by Princess Elizabeth.

The Princess was drawn closer into the official life of her father and mother after this: for the next eight years, until the King's death, she was trained



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assiduously for the duties of monarchy. It is important to recall some of the details of this relationship between sovereign and heir, so that we may know a little of her mind; so that we may trace her development and inspiration during these years of her apprenticeship. She came to know her father's Ministers, especially Winston Churchill, who was to be her first Prime Minister. (It is fortunate that a statesman with some of the gracious virtues, as well as the brilliance, of Lord Melbourne—who guided Queen Victoria during the early years of her reign—was to be Queen Elizabeth's first adviser when her father died.)

Royal Bondage

In February, 1947 the Princess went to South Africa with the King and Queen, and during this journey she learned one new, important lesson—if she had not learned it already. Three trains carried the royal family and their entourage over 15,000 miles of their African tour. In the first, the pilot train, was a post and telegraph office; in the centre of the second, the white train, was the King's office, with its desk and telephone. Whenever the train came to a station, immediate telephone communication was available with England and the other Commonwealth countries. And, every day, dispatch boxes arrived from Whitehall. Thus, in the heart of Basutoland, the King went on with his business—as the white train sped toward new towns where still more officials were waiting, with more speeches and addresses. He was still a constitutional monarch who must read every dispatch, every important document, even on a train—and, like Queen Victoria, do "some signing" where necessary. This was the warning, always at hand for the Princess: Someday *she* must submit to the bondage of the relentless dispatch boxes; every morning after breakfast they would be waiting for the little gold key in *her* busy hand.

In November, 1947, the Princess was married to Prince Philip, who soon made his separate, quiet contribution to the pattern of duty. On January 31, 1952, King George went to London airport to say good-by to them, on the start of their five-month voyage to Kenya, Ceylon, Australia and New Zealand. The King walked quickly across the airfield, and the photographs of him in the newspapers delighted everyone, for his life had been in danger for a long time and it seemed from his stride that he was well again.

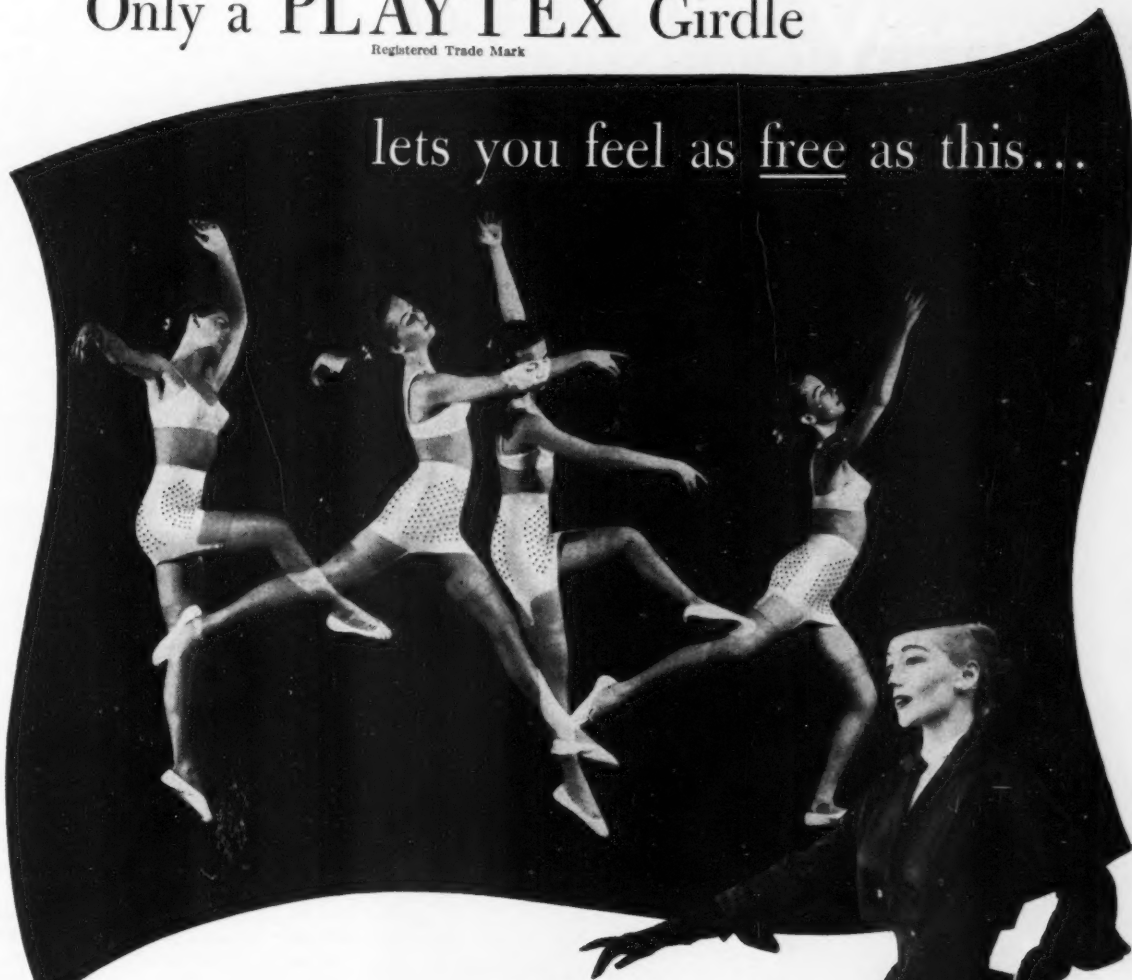
Six days later, George VI died in his sleep. It was singular that in an age devoted to new ideologies and in love with violent change, the death of a quiet, good man could mean so much to the world. The ancient cry, "The King is dead. Long live the Queen," rang once more in the arches of England's history. But the historical parallels no longer applied: the grief of the new young Queen could not be compared with the feelings of the first Elizabeth, or of Victoria, on their accessions.

Queen Elizabeth II had loved her father with a daughter's warm and private devotion. In the hours of her great sorrow, she had to do immediately what was expected of her: she had to respond to the sympathy of the world. And the months of mourning were months of more learning, and long hours

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The winter passed, and the spring: with the summer, her public duties were resumed. On her official birthday she rode to the ceremony of Trooping the Color—a lone figure in her scarlet tunic—and, for an hour, she endured the merciless sun. A guardsman fainted in the June heat.

Once or twice the Queen mopped her brow with her white glove—the one human movement in the beautiful, meticulous pageant. Then she returned to Buckingham Palace and stood on the famous balcony to face her people.

One hundred and fifteen years before—also in June—Queen Victoria had written, "I was awake at six o'clock by Mama . . . I went into my sitting-room alone." Queen Elizabeth was "alone" on the balcony in the peculiar and frightening isolation which is the lot of sovereigns; but, near at hand, was the love of a mother and a husband, and beyond the iron railings, such affection and good prayers as no young sovereign had ever before aroused.

The traditional summer program began: Ascot, where the Queen saw

her own horses run. Edinburgh, where the royal archers stood before her, their tall hat feathers trembling against the blue sky. The Thames, where she bade godspeed to an Arctic expedition. Cornwall, where she walked between banks of jolly schoolchildren . . . Then the awful splendor of the Coronation began to take shape. By September, holes were being dug in the London streets for the barriers that will control the immense crowds; weavers at Brain-tree began the first stitches of the splendid robes; and the route of the procession was marked out on a plan of London. Canadians, Australians and New Zealanders, Indians, Pakistanis and Africans—all began to prepare for the journey. An old, old Pathan warrior in the Khyber Pass, whose commission had been signed by Queen Victoria, took out his uniform and booked his steamer passage to England.

The pattern of preparation touches the farthest edges of the globe. But, in our pleasure and our pride, we invite a terrible danger.

We think of the great Abbey, where the memorials of history are spread out,

from the tomb of Edward the Confessor to the window commemorating the Battle of Britain; we anticipate ships crossing the oceans of the world and millions of people enjoying the pageant; but are we, in our pleasure, losing sight of the one lone figure to whom all this matters—for whom this coronation is a covenant between God and herself?

The covenant must be either revered or rejected by every human being who is a monarchist. If it is revered, it becomes the duty of each one of us to guard the future of the Queen; to protect her from the fate that hastened the death of her father.

Let the Coronation, which celebrates the promise made by the Queen, be also a promise from her people—that she will not be tortured by too many public duties. It is when the bands are silent, the flags put away and the crowds of people busy again with their occupations, that Queen Elizabeth will grow in private strength in those inward refreshments of the mind and heart that will make her wise and of such virtue that she will help us, once more, to startle the world. +

YOUNGER THAN SPRING

Continued from page 12

catching the exact fineness of my silly remark.

What is spring like when you're twenty-six? I wanted to ask. What is it like to feel the surge of new life all about you—understanding it? "There is always weather," I said, "the force is inside yourself—"

He looked at me intently, "That's a great deal of wisdom to have acquired so early, Miss Blake."

Suddenly he went back to the desk and rummaged in the brief case and drew out two white oblongs that looked like tickets. He said, "There's a fine talk on Elizabethan drama: by Dr. Harter coming up. I think you'd enjoy it, Miss Blake—"

"Oh, I would," I said, too quickly.

He grinned. "I had Dr. Harter in Elizabethan drama, poetry and prose. Learned more from him than in all my other courses put together. He's a little pompous, but talks like a—"

"Lorelei," I supplied.

"Yes, like a Lorelei." Then we both laughed and suddenly there it was! The right word to give me identity. A pompous professor talking like a Lorelei luring men to letters—an alliterative, miraculous subtlety.

There was a commotion in the hall and voices drifted in through the open window where the students were gathering for a last breath of the morning before coming in to classes.

"Would you like to use one of these tickets?" he asked, beginning to rearrange the scattered papers on his desk.

"Yes, thanks," I said, "I'd like to very much."

Would he use the other ticket? Was there a bare possibility that we might get there at the same time and sit together? And afterward, walk out together?

"Good," he said. "Let's see what the date is." While he was patting his pockets in search of the tickets, Ned Martin ranged into the room.

"Morning, pefesser," Ned said, then

swung his eyes quickly to me. "Hi, Sunshine!" He smacked his books down on the arm of the chair next to mine. "Why'n't you outdoors in the sun rejuvenating your freckles?"

Thad looked at us, and I thought his eyes held a spark of amusement. Good old Ned! I looked at a place on his neck made for choking.

"I'll let you know," Thad said, and left me to Ned who was lounging his tallness in the chair in his red and white striped shirt looking as though he had been fed exclusively on peppermint stick candy all his life.

"What's this with you and Montgomery Clift?" Ned whispered, nodding toward Thad. His eyes were filled with suspicion.

I yanked open my book to Swinburne 1837-1909. "Oh, you hush," I said, beginning to read, "When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces."

"Look, Sunshine," Ned said, "I hate to interrupt the muse, but what time shall I pick you up Friday night for the Independent's party?"

Out of long habit I started to say eight o'clock, then remembered in the very nick. Friday might be the night of the lecture on Elizabethan drama. "I may not be able to go, Ned," I said, keeping my voice very low.

"May not be able to go!" Ned shouted. "Say, what's the matter with you? I've borrowed Shotsie's car—we're all going out to the Hi-Spot afterward—"

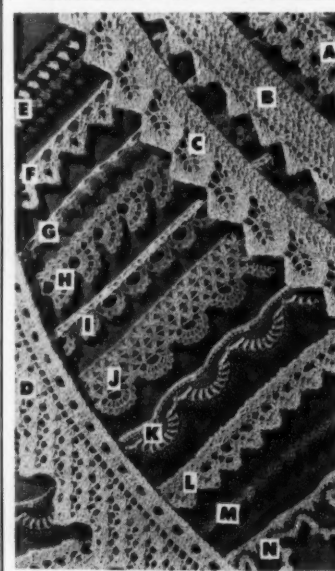
Oh, seats, give way to a hole in the floor to swallow me! Thad had heard and so had all the dear, dead, sweet men and Elizabeth Browning and Christina Rossetti in the book before me. Thad was busy with his fountain pen, but tolerant indulgence of youth was as apparent in the bent, noncaves-dropping position of his head as though a strip of neon had been slapped across it.

"Look, Ned," I said, trying to placate him by moving over a bit closer, "I just said I may not be able to go. Something has come up—"

"Well, for Pete's sakes!" Ned sputtered. Mercifully, like a swarm of lethargic grasshoppers, the English class

came in and settled convulsively or sighing, according to their reaction to the weather, in their seats. Nadine Chandler was last—and as usual, I looked at her and sinned. What would I give for gold hair instead of red, for a lovely creamy skin instead of freckles, for poise and assurance instead of gawky, addle-bumbled groping? I'd give me for her. That's what I'd give.

Thad asked Nadine to read the second stanza of the Chorus from "Atalanta in Calydon." Swinburne would have swooned at his own words as Nadine read them with velvet implications—



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When it came my turn to read, this
is what I got—

The ivy falls with the Bacchanal's
hair
Over her eyebrows hiding her eyes . . .

I stumbled over *Bacchanal's* and the
h's and looked up to meet Thad's eyes.
I pushed at my hair, wanting to tell
him that I could say *Bacchanal's* when
I read it to myself, but I couldn't do
it here. Was there something in that
look between Thad and me? Some new
understanding beginning? Were his dark
eyes telling me that he understood while
his voice said, "All right, Miss Blake."
Then to Ned, "Go on from there, Mr.
Martin."

I looked at Thad gratefully, for my
heart was wedged in my larynx, palpi-
tating like a valentine. Then Ned caught
up the words and tossed them on and
presently the hour was over.

I sat on awhile, taking a note or two,
hoping that Ned would get up and go.
He didn't. As though there hadn't been
any interim of light and life and depth,
Ned took up where he had left off when
class started, "Well, for Pete's sakes!"

"Ned," I said desperately, "I'll call
you just as soon as I know. You'll have
plenty of time to get another date."

"I don't want another date," Ned
said stubbornly.

"Now, Ned," I said gently, not want-
ing him to get wound up.

"For eight months, for eight long,
weary bitter months, I hang around
hoping you'll see I'm here. Then, just
when I think you've started to grow
up a little bit and throw in the torch
for old Clift up there, here you go off
on another tangent."

"Don't you talk to me like that," I
said, noticing that everyone had left
the room but Ned, Nadine, Thad and
me. "Don't you just dare talk to me
like that."

Nadine was hanging over Thad's
shoulder, her lovely hair within smelling
distance. That hair smells like vacuumed
sunshine. I've put it up in pin curls to
make an extra fifty cents enough times
to know.

Then, for heaven's sakes, miracu-
lously, Ned was gone and there I was
feeling like the awkward angle on a
triangle.

Nadine was speaking to Thad, but
Thad was looking at me as I fumbled
up my book and notebook and started
for the door.

"Miss Blake," Thad said, "the date
is for Friday." Somehow it sounded
like a question and my heart hammered
against my ribs.

"Oh," I said, "yes." Feeling it wasn't
enough, I added, "Yes, I'll remember."

Ned was skulking around the bulletin
board just outside the door. When he
saw me, he let loose a barrage, "What's
the big idea? Stringing me along, when
you've got a date with *him*? You knew
you wouldn't be going to the Inde-
pendent's party with me. Who does
he think he is? Old fossil. Dating a
freshman—"

"Oh, Ned, for goodness sakes," I
started to say, just as Nadine came
sailing out the door. She gave me a
Tibetan stare and some horrible per-
verseness stalked through me. "Just
because I've a date for a lecture—"
some demon said loudly to Ned for me.

Nadine turned and asked deliberately,
"Do you have a date with Thad Williams
for a lecture?"

"Yes," I said, garbling my syntax,
"there is a date for a lecture that Thad
Williams asked me if I would like to
go to."

"Well," Nadine said, narrowing her
eyes ominously, "congratulations." Then
to Ned, "Where does that leave you,
Martin?"

"The same place it does you," Ned
said crossly. "Shall we go seek some
nice quiet pocket on a pool table made
for things behind eight balls?"

The full horror of the thing
I had done—the exact out-and-out lie
I had told—didn't thump at me until
I started to zip myself into the grey
shroud I wore to set out the evening
board for the nosy inmates of Thrait
Hall. I had been too busy all day.
Suddenly I realized—snap-your-fingers-
just-like-that—what I had done. I had
told Nadine Chandler that I had a date
—a real, undiluted date with Thad
Williams! By now the whole place must
be seething. There would be questions,
jokes and whispers, whispers wherever
I went. What if Thad heard about it?
Oh, please, dear God, don't let Thad
hear that I said he asked me for a date.

The service bell sounded in the
dining room and I tried to wipe the
Little Orphan Annie look off my face
as I started downstairs to set out the
cups and saucers. The rumor was there
before me all right. Little Polly Sum-
mers said, around a mouthful of fig bar,
as I went into the kitchen, "Oh, Tish,
is it true what I heard about you?"

"Say now," I said lightly, "you'll
spoil your dinner with those cookies."

"You lucky dog," she burred, "to
have a date with *him*. Oh, my gosh,
how can you stand it? What will you
talk about? What if he tries to kiss
you?"

"You mean what if he doesn't try to
kiss her?" Cissy Vale said, smacking
butter pads onto a dish. Then she
added generously, dreamily, "I've got
a little Chanel No. 5 left my brother
sent me—if we put a little water in the
bottle and shake it—"

"Thanks," I said, hurtling all the way
up from my toes, wanting to blurt out
that it was all a mistake.

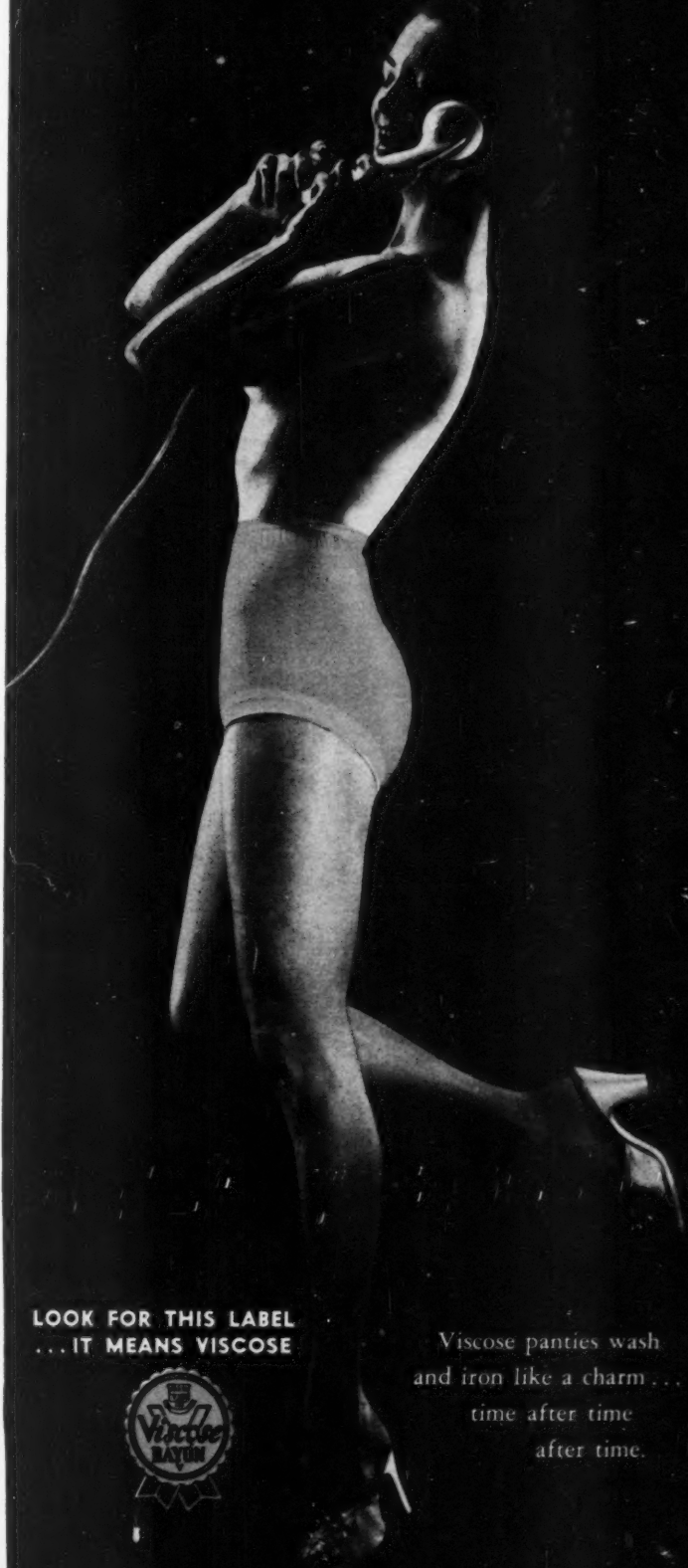
Nadine was smirking into the corner
of my left eye as I passed her the roast
beef. Nadine knew! With sudden,
horrible clarity, I realized that Nadine
knew I had lied. She knew it because
I had avoided her eyes all evening. She
would ask me again, right out, before
the evening was over if I had a date
with Thad. I couldn't say the words
again. I might tell a lie once, but I
could never tell the same lie twice.

No feast in the Dark Ages with
sawdust on the floor and hounds feeding
under the table ever lasted longer than
that meal in Thrait Hall. Every time
Nadine opened her mouth to poke food
in, I thought she was going to speak.
Every time she picked up her fork, I
thought she was going to rap for order.
But as things will, the dinner ended,
and I was brushing crumbs over my
hand onto the floor. As Nadine left the
room, she looked at me and cleared her
throat with a warning, honing sound
and I rubbed some crumbs into the
back of my neck in anticipation of the
fall of the blade.

Continued on page 61

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YOUNG PARENTS



THUMBSUCKING

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BY ELIZABETH CHANT ROBERTSON, M.D.

Director, Child Health Clinic

Why do babies suck their thumbs and how many do?

No doubt babies first get their thumbs into their mouths by accident. However, sucking in their food is extremely pleasant and they soon find that sucking their thumbs is mildly agreeable too. In addition it seems to be relaxing and comforting. Some authorities believe that smoking or chewing gum has a somewhat similar effect on adults. A great many babies suck their thumbs at least to some extent. A few never do it at all.

As you know, the speed at which a baby takes his feeding, either from breast or bottle, varies quite considerably. Babies also seem to vary in the amount of sucking exercise they need. If the baby craves a lot of such exercise and gets through his feedings quickly, he will be a likely candidate for thumb-sucking. A breast-fed baby usually takes longer at his feedings because his mother can't tell how much he is getting, and many physicians believe that bottle-fed babies are more often thumbsuckers.

feeding needs to be continued for a month or so longer.

How about the thumbsucker between one and two years?

A great many babies stop this habit of their own accord in the last quarter of the first year, that is, soon after they stop taking their food from a nipple. Some others just suck their thumb when they are going to sleep. However, if a baby does this frequently during the day, in all probability he is either over-fatigued, bored or unhappy. Is he getting a good nap after his noon meal and a long sleep at night? These youngsters require plenty of sleep. The child also needs a variety of toys in which he is interested and with which he can do quite a number of different things. More playing with him and more praise and less criticism often help greatly too.

Will slapping or scolding help to cure him?

No, it will probably have the opposite effect. It draws his attention to the habit, which is unfortunate. As we said before, sucking gives him comfort, so if you scold him and make him feel badly, as soon as he can he will go off and console himself by putting his thumb in his mouth. Also if he is unconsciously jealous of the attention you lavish on your baby or your older children, he may suck his thumb because that gets action from you—even though it is unpleasant. Shaming or nagging him encourage him to be secretive about it, which is a poor habit too. To tell him that he is bad (which is wrong), lowers his own self-esteem and thus makes him unhappy.

Are restraints, bitter medicine, or adhesive tape on the thumb helpful?

All the authorities agree that they don't work. Besides, restraints such as splints or aluminum mittens prevent him from using his hands for learning other things and so delay his develop-

How can you overcome thumbsucking in a young baby?

You can see that he gets his feeding rather slowly by using nipples with smaller holes in them or by letting him nurse longer. When you give him his bottle, hold him in your arms, as more cuddling is also helpful. Rocking him and holding him have similar beneficial effects. The use of a dry nipple is advised by some competent authorities, but of course it should be boiled like his other nipples before it is given to him. A sleeping bag, inside which he can move his arms freely, is quite allowable. When he gets to be five or six months old, give him a teething ring and also other toys on which he can chew safely. You would be wise to start teaching him to drink from a cup at about this same age in the hope that he will be willing to be weaned by seven months. Some babies are not, and for them the bottle or breast

ment. Cotton gloves or oven mitts may be put on his hands when he goes to bed, but you shouldn't let him know why you are using them.

How can you stop a child over two from sucking his thumb?

In some cases providing a suitable playmate, if he lacks one, may solve the problem in a short time. Also plenty of toys such as colored paper, crayons, blunt-ended scissors, sand, plasticine and, as he gets older, wood, a saw, a hammer and nails and so on will help to widen his interests.

Will it make his teeth crooked?

Persistent thumbsucking after the age of two years often does deform the teeth. Therefore if your child sucks his thumb you should take him to your dentist when he is about two years old.

If he finds that your youngster's teeth are being deformed seriously he may attach a simple apparatus of wire to his teeth. This will not bother the child but will discourage the habit and so help prevent his teeth becoming crooked.

Even when children stop sucking their thumbs by five years of age, quite a high percentage of them will have permanently deformed teeth.

What else can you do to cure a child over five who still sucks his thumb?

A child of this age is old enough to talk about the problem with a physician, a dentist, an interested teacher. It is worth while telling him—without making fun of him—that this is a babyish habit, and in an effort to grow up he may be able to overcome it. If he needs a reminder he may put some bitter material on his own thumbnail.✚

YOUNGER THAN SPRING

Continued from page 59

At seven-thirty it happened—a piece of the sky fell off and hit Henny-Penny on the head.

"Letecsha Blake," Polly Summers hollered up the stairs. I left off staring at a White-winged Crossbill on an Audubon print framed from a calendar, but that was absolutely as far as my reflexes would go.

"Letec—cesha Blake—phone!" Polly, beside herself, was right outside my door pounding. "Letitia, for heaven's sakes," she pleaded, "it's him on the phone."

"Oh, no!" I said, to the closed door, "Not him. Not now."

Every door was flapping ears and peering eyes as I forced my feet down, down the stairs, then across, across the hall to the telephone. "Hello," I suppose I said.

His voice over the phone had a hushed, intimate quality—and equanimity. "This is Thad Williams," he said—*She wept, sweet lady, and said in weeping; What spell is keeping the stars so steady?*

He must have been saying something with the words he was using, but I didn't focus until he said, "Will it be all right, then, if I pick you up for the lecture at seven-thirty on Friday?"

"What's that?" I said, not believing.

"Too early?" he asked.

"Oh, no, that's fine. What time did you say?"

"Seven-thirty."

"Yes," I said, sounding quite rational, "that's fine."

There wasn't any hall to cross on the way back to my room, no stairs to climb—nothing but air, heavier than I, holding me up, absolutely nothing.

My room was a beaver dam, teeming and moving, jammed to the windows. What did he say? What did he want? What did I say? they wanted to know. When the first vast relief at having been once more established as a person of truth had subsided, I told them where Thad and I were going—what time—which was, in fact, everything I knew about it. Tolerantly, I answered them one and all until Polly said with a whoosh, as though setting off a rocket, "What on earth will you wear?"

"Why, sackcloth and ashes, of course," I was about to say, when it settled in upon me that provided I had the sackcloth that was about all I did have to wear.

It would be a warm night, they thought, and there would be a moon. The warm night would help—I wouldn't freeze, but a bright-eyed moon was a definite factor to be reckoned with—and there would be the lights in the lecture hall, and there would be professors and their wives and the intelligentsia of the town—people, in fact, who had grown into the habit of wearing clothes.

In five minutes, my bed was piled with a wonderful lot of stuff for a rummage sale. When you get around to the end of the year, you get around to the end of wardrobes. Everything had been spilled on, sat in, or shrunk, or else it was red and definitely out.

"Your green suit will be all right," Polly said.

"With a little of that Chanel No. 5," Cissy added.

I nodded glumly, "It will have to do." I put on the suit. With a good pressing it wouldn't look too bad. With my red hair, I was, at least, on the right side of the color chart.

"They'll all wear hats," Polly remembered.

"Well, I won't," I said. "I know there isn't a decent hat in this whole dormitory."

"You'll simply have to buy one," Polly said innocently.

Well, now, what kind of hat could I buy for two dollars and thirty-six cents?

There was a general exodus, a moment of being alone. Then they all came back counting. There was almost enough for a hat, but I couldn't do it. Borrowed money has a way of having to be paid back. I'd had one lesson in Where the Wrong Way Leads today; better I'd go in a Napoleonic hat made of newspaper than err again.

The next day, for the first time all year, I was glad it was Thursday and no hour of English. At four o'clock, I went downtown with Polly to look at hats.

Just as I was beginning to feel relieved that there was no hat for me, I saw it—The Hat. It was the exact right hat to wear to a lecture on Elizabethan drama at seven-thirty o'clock on Friday night.

It was green and had a Frenchy look

All babies need lots of

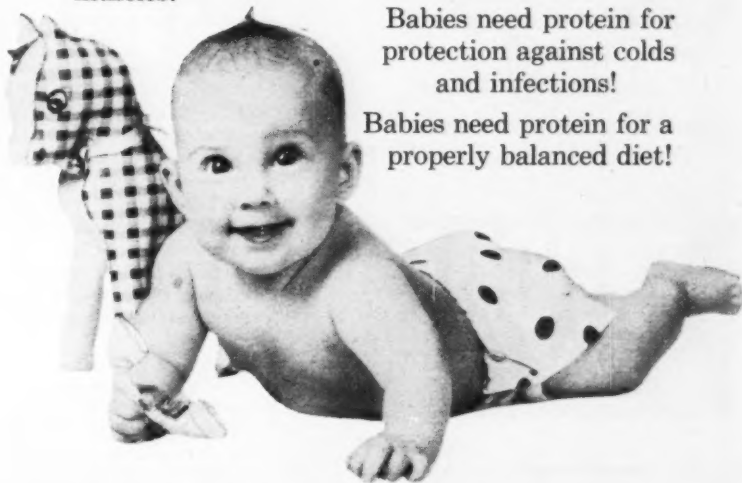
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—really only the crown of a hat with a bicorn feather, the one side an inhibited, embryonic little scroll leaning to the left. Then, as though the other side took strength from the roots of the dwarfed thing, the feather poked outward and plunged down and around to curl cozily below the right ear.

"Oh," Polly squealed, "Oh, my! That's it, Tish. That's your hat."

"Made for her," the clerk declared. "You don't think, maybe, it's a little too old for me?" I asked.

"Absolutely not," the clerk said. "You could be anybody in that hat."

Languishing a look at myself Narcissus-like, I doubted that. I knew it was a sacrilege, but I had to ask, "How much?"

* The clerk deciphered the Sanskrit on the ticket and said, "Only ten ninety-five."

Polly caught her breath in sharply. Goldilocks chose that moment to swing her shoulder bag past the shop. Something caught her eye at the far corner of the window—some bowl of soup—some chair, some bed. At the sight of Nadine Chandler straining herself over some trinket—some bauble, that perverseness began to stalk through me.

"I'll take it," I said.

Polly looked at me with admiration and whispered, "But how, Tish?"

"I'll pick it up tomorrow afternoon," I told the clerk and hurried Polly out of there while I could still walk on my rapidly chilling feet.

"I'll think of a way," I said to Polly.

"Of course you will," Polly said loyally, her eyes doubtful, "and, Tish, he will love you in that hat. It definitely does something for you. He may even ask you for another date—and another—and another—"

"Now, now, Polly," I said, to snap her out of the broken record routine.

"And he may even ask you to—ask you to—my aunt Rosa married her chemistry teacher and he's thirteen years older than she is—"

I lead Polly down the street till we came to Baird's restaurant. I looked in the window of the restaurant to see if the sign was there as usual. It was—Dishwasher Wanted.

"Look, Polly," I said, "write out a slip for me and tell Miss Edwards I'll make up my dining room work next week."

"What are you going to do?" Her eyes went to the sign. "Oh, Tish, no! You wouldn't do that!"

"I would," I said, and I did. When I caught up on the first round of dishes in that steaming, Stygian kitchen, I slipped out the back door and bought a bottle of hand lotion. Every half hour, by the clock, I took my hands out of the hot, soapy dishwater and rubbed the lotion in thoroughly. No hat, however bewitching, could offset hands that had the feel of pigskin gloves. When I thought of the hat, I had an odd sinking sensation. Was the hat too old for me? "You could be anybody in that hat," the clerk had said. But could I be? Could I be old enough to fit the hat? Might I not look just "quaint" and embarrass Thad?

By eight o'clock I began to feel a little dizzy from smelling the food and not participating in it, but the feeling passed and my senses, sharpened because the blood was in my head and not my

stomach, saw to it that I did a thorough job of that dishwashing.

At eleven o'clock every last platter and pan were on the shelves, waiting for tomorrow to start the whole business all over again. Mr. Baird clanged the cash register and drew out five one dollar bills. "Not bad pay for six hours," he said, then added wistfully, "I wish we could get somebody steady—"

One more day, I thought, and I'd have enough for the hat. Then my hands flexed, wrinkled and art-gum rubbery, remembering, and I shook my head.

The doors at Thrait Hall were locked. They shouldn't have been until eleven-thirty—so it must be after eleven-thirty, I thought, finally wrangling the fact from my exhaustion. I poked the bell and waited for Miss Edwards.

She clumped down in bobby pins, "Letitia," she said disapprovingly, "you know what this means?"

Oh, horrible, black thought! Being late meant that I would lose one of my date privileges. I was ready to beg, to plead, to grovel that she didn't take away my Friday night privilege.

After an eternity, she said, "Speak to me tomorrow night, Letitia. Right after dinner."

"Oh, Miss Edwards—" I began.

"Tomorrow night," she repeated firmly, holding to her principle of delayed torture.

The next morning, feeling like a left-over pancake, I cut classes. I knew what I had to do. I had to have the hat and be ready in any case. I pressed the green suit and gave the students' wives in the little red brick bungalows on the side of The Hill time to get breakfast out of the way, then went over to see Mary Hughes. Mary had a car and, her mood being receptive, might be able to help me engineer my mercenary plan. I just had five dollars to go now for the hat. I could manage the ninety-five cents myself. If Edwards leaned out her forked tongue and said, "No date," I would at least have the hat to remember an "almost something" by. It was small comfort, though, no matter how I looked at it.

When I pushed open Mary's kitchen door, she was shoving cereal in the baby's mouth and trying to read an article on "Is Feeding a Problem?" A propitious time for my plan, I thought, as the baby spit out his cereal and dribbled it onto the face of the woman who had written the article. "Look, Mary, how would you like to go into town today to shop or take in a movie?"

Mary wanted to go and so did three other wives. That gave me three children to watch and Mary's baby. That would only come to four dollars, student budgets being what they were in those little brick houses. Somehow, before time to pick up the hat I'd have to ferret out another dollar.

I gave it great thought during the day as I watched the children play in Mary's fenced-in backyard. Mary's kitchen was a mess. Out of habit from the dishwashing of the night before, I suppose, I began to straighten up the place. Once it had its face washed and apron straightened, it wasn't a bad little kitchen at all.

When Mary came home, tired and reluctant, that kitchen soothed her as though a balm had been applied. The extra dollar came as easily as that.

There were only minutes to pick up the hat and get back up The Hill in time for dinner. At a quarter to seven Polly caught up with me in the kitchen where I was scurrying around like a mouse on a treadmill. "For heaven's sakes, Tish, don't you know what time it is!"

"I can't just walk out while Edwards is still sitting there. And, Polly, I got in late last night. I've got to see her about it tonight."

Suddenly, springing from some deep desperate well of need, there spouted an idea. "Look, Polly," I said, "you go out in the hall and call me to the telephone—loud. I'll come running, then stop fast in front of Edwards like just remembering that I'm supposed to see her—it'll make her mad and—"

Polly stood for a fractured second, wondering, then she whipped out the kitchen door into the hall and called, "Let—eesha Blake, telephone!"

I whizzed into the dining room, stopped at Edwards' table and said in a hurry, "Oh, you told me to see you right after dinner—"

Miss Edwards gasped, then the red patches on her face consolidated. She was angry all right. She set down her coffee cup slowly. She cleared her throat and said, being very severe, "You will be campused two Saturday nights, Letitia."

"Oh, thank you," I mumbled, and her eyes widened incredulously.

It was wonderful to be able to breathe. I rushed up the stairs to my room.

I took a quick shower and hurried into the suit. The hat was lovelier than I remembered it, even.

Then he was there in the big lounge room standing by the fireplace waiting for me and I was walking slowly toward him, looking into his dark eyes, feeling a little self-conscious about the hat. This is a moment I will always remember, I thought. April was outside the window on a long green stem and something inside me throbbed and ached and was suddenly stilled at his greeting. "Hi, Sunshine," he said softly.

His name came so easily. "Hello, Thad."

He smiled and I knew it was right—my saying Thad, for one evening, at least.

We walked slowly across the campus—a professor escorting one of his students to a lecture.

"I missed you this morning," he said.

Oh, Thad, how do you mean that?

How shall I answer?

"I've been thinking about what you said." He looked at me and grinned. "About spring's being a force inside yourself. You know"—and his face was suddenly grave—"that was no small thing you said."

My heart pounded furiously. I answered him honestly, "I don't know why I said it. I don't usually think that way. Or, I never have before."

He turned and looked at me and I had the feeling that he was seeing me, really seeing me, for the first time. He



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tucked his hand under my arm and steered me into the lecture hall. His fingers felt warm and vibrantly alive against my arm. The lecture was on Elizabethan drama, I imagine, since that was what it said on the program. I couldn't say. I was conscious only of Thad's shoulder there close to mine and of the warm spot his fingers had left on my arm, and of the wonderful smell of shaving lotion and tobacco ghosts. We smiled, we talked, we applauded and on the way out, Thad stopped to talk to Dr. Harter, the speaker.

"Dr. Harter's staying at my place," he said, when we were outside.

Then he must want to be with Dr. Harter now. "Do you—shouldn't you—I mean you don't need to take me home."

"I want to take you home," he said.

We didn't go directly to Thrait Hall. I can't say exactly how it happened, but we walked a ways down The Hill, then cut across to the steps that led to the bridge. When we came to the bridge, the sky was wobbly with stars and the earth there beside the water smelled of moss and green pine and tender new shoots.

"Everything seems so new and beginning," I said, because I couldn't help saying it.

He was quiet for a long while. "Yes," he finally said, "very new."

I leaned my arms on the bridge railing beside him and looked down into the water. The long side of the feather on the hat came astride the wind and flopped crazily. Impatiently I reached up to quiet the thing. He caught my hand. "You'll spoil your lovely hat," he said.

"You—like this hat?" I felt the breathless racing of my heart because his face was so close to mine.

"Very much," he said "it's a beautiful hat." His hands came up slowly almost reluctantly, and cupped my face. He bent his head and kissed me like a wing brushing or a leaf, and more gently.

"You're sweet," he said, "and new, and beginning."

"I don't feel young."

"It's not easy to be young," he said, "sometimes it's hard to hang on and the first hurts are often the biggest ones we ever have to bear."

"You don't have to say it," I said, "I know what you're trying to tell me. You're saying that I will fall in love again and I suppose I will, but it will never be like this. I don't want it to be like this. And I—I want the hurt to come—I want it all."

His eyes had a peculiar brilliance in the moonlight. He reached up and took the hat in his hand and brushed his fingers through my hair. I could feel my hair sticking to his fingers, lingering. "You're a very strange girl," he said. He looked at the hat. "The hat was making you talk like that—so wise—so knowing."

"Yes, maybe it was the hat. Now—now all my courage seems gone and I can wonder how I ever said such a thing to you."

"The hat's bewitched you," he said, "you're still talking like that."

Then his arms were around me and it was right. His face in the night light, green shadowed, looked very young and I felt so old, so old. He kissed me and not gently this time and not like a wing brushing or a leaf, but hard like

winter pushing from underneath the ground to be out to blend itself with new light and life. I had never been kissed like that before.

I said it because I had to say it in that very now, "I love you." And I did love him, in many ways, for in the revealing moment of that first tender kiss, I knew he had asked me for the date because he had heard about what I told Nadine and Ned and thought that I had misunderstood him about the tickets. But he hadn't meant to kiss me the second time and bury his face in my hair.

"You're not afraid of the hurt, are you?" And his voice sounded strange, faraway and husky.

"No," I said, "the hurt was there first, anticipating."

He took my hand and we started walking back along the path to the steps. "You're wiser than I am," he said, "infinitely wiser—women always are. And they're older than men—always—they're born that way."

Slowly the night crept inside me and a warmth surged and spread up and up, engulfing me. I felt buoyant, elated, as though a great Samson-like strength were coming to me. And yet there was the awareness that this strength was not coming to me—it had always been there, dormant, awaiting discovery.

I knew with a sudden certainty that Thad and I could be a beginning—if I wanted it that way. But even as I thought it, there was the desire to push the decision away for awhile, just a little while longer. Now I needed time to think—time to savor and to sort. His hand was warm and intimate against mine, then his fingers tightened and relaxed immediately, almost timidly. To be perfectly honest I must say that I returned the pressure experimentally and his fingers clung.

Shotsie's car was in the graveled parkway and I knew Ned was inside waiting for me. Good old Ned—with his borrowed car and long hopes.

Thad and I said good night outside. He took both my hands in his. "I'll call," he said, and it was all there in his eyes, kindled, waiting to be breathed on. Standing there with his hands warm against mine, asking, I felt a new kind of tears rise, hot and sudden, stinging in a way I had never felt them before. Yesterday and tomorrow seemed so far apart. I kissed him lightly on the cheek and went inside.

Ned was sitting forlornly on an ottoman, his long legs stretched out under a table. "I thought maybe you'd get in early," he said apologetically. "I thought maybe you'd like to go out to the Hi-Spot with the gang—I thought maybe—" Then he saw the hat. "Say—you look different—that hat," he gave a long, low whistle. "You look so—so sort of old—older—"

There it was! Ned had seen it, too. Forever, after this night, the green hat with the feather would be a part of me. I would always be wearing it, day and night, forever and ever.

For a moment I felt a strange indefinable nostalgia for the old confusion, for Polly and Ned and for the envy, even, that I had felt for Nadine Chandler. "I'd love to go to the Hi-Spot, Ned," I said.

As we went out to Shotsie's car, the night seemed brighter than ever, somehow, and I felt a want and hurry to live it and be done with it. ♦

MASHED POTATOES

Continued from page 4

in peroration by politicians of all parties. And still it works. We clap.

Our clapping makes an understandable noise. Any of us, counting the good fortune Canada has known since the war ended, has excuse enough for applause. Progress, like peace, it's wonderful. After a time, a person may want to stop and see—if not where we are going—at least where we are. But, moving under an impetus not all our own, we go on and on progressing. You can't check progress to find out a little thing like where you are.

"You can't check progress." There is the central article in the North American creed; the main pillar in the house of faith in which Canadians are invited to meet the future. If it wouldn't seem too rude, it might be wise to put off the meeting, and stay outside long enough to ask: Why can't you check progress?

This question is not for progressive thinkers. To progressives of the old school it would undoubtedly appear impertinent. Progress for them meant inevitable good moving inevitably toward the inevitably better. But, apart from places where they make speeches, there can't be much of that sort of progressive thinking done any longer. Most of us can remember, if and when we stop to think, where progress brought us between 1939 and 1946. Most of us know something of the more dreadful prospects progress has opened since. Belief in progress as a one-way street toward the light is no longer in fashion, and there is little in that to regret.

The regrettable thing is the new belief in progress that has come in. This is a debased sort of variation on the old theme. It makes no claim that

progress is good. Its apostles admit with ready gloom that it may just as easily be bad. Yet they believe in its inescapable momentum. Self-chained to progress' back wheel, they willingly resign themselves and all the rest of us to being dragged forever down the ringing grooves of change. And nothing seems to irritate them more than a suggestion that they unhook the shackles and get out of the groove.

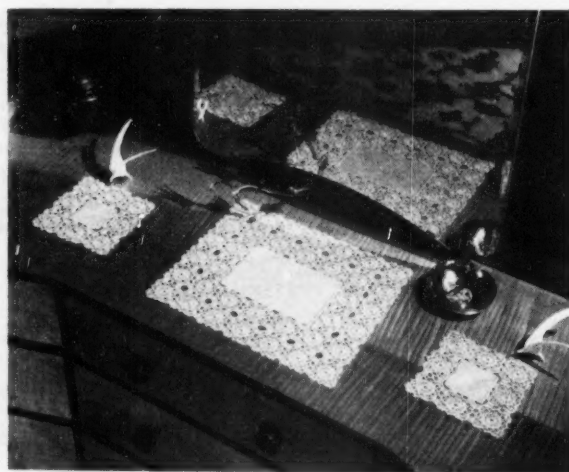
"We Can't Do a Thing"

Beside one of these new progressives, a sixteenth century Calvinist predestined to damnation would be a cheering character. Every doomed Calvinist had at least the bracing assurance that his soul's loss was ordained as part of a great plan for the salvation of the elect. The new progressive has no such comfort. For him there is nothing personal about damnation. It comes wholesale or as a byproduct like the destruction of human dignity which permits bureaucrats to talk of "reconditioning" men and women. All that gives life validity and meaning may be erased by progress in its indifferent course and we poor men and women can't do a thing about it.

So there is no use trying, says the new progressive. Germ warfare and traffic accidents may be deplorable, but they are inevitable. Progress takes its toll, and you can't check progress.

This cheap and nasty faith in assembly-line damnation—or salvation as the case may be; what difference at that level?—needs to be resented and resisted. For it is an evil faith that can spread too quickly.

The evil can spread under cover of jargon; of the cant phrase heard so often that it is accepted at last without thinking and applauded without waking. "Continued progress," for example. To have faith in mashed potatoes would be a far, far better thing. ♦



MARIGOLD CHEVAL SET

Linen and lace combine to make this exquisite set that will launder and last for years. The crochet squares are worked separately and can be used for tablecloths, bedspreads and many other household items. Stamped on white or cream pure Irish linen, complete with instructions, price 50 cents. State color choice. Order No. C51.

Order from Chatelaine Needlecraft Dept.,
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Where do you put radiators in a room this modern?

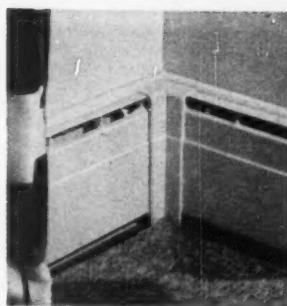
The most modern touch in this room is something you probably wouldn't even notice.

That's because it was designed to be inconspicuous. It was also designed to answer the question: "Where do you put radiators when you go modern?"

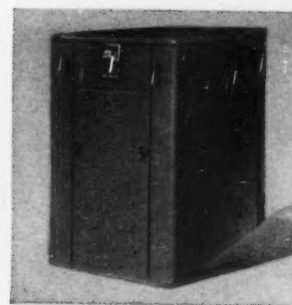
Crane's Radiant Baseboard Panel heating is the answer. Look closely. It runs under the window and along the far wall. Because it looks like a baseboard, you'd never know it was a radiator. You can paint it to match the wall—or even to look like wood.

And it's the modern method of heating too. You get heat at floor level, where it should be. What's more, it not only holds the heat better, but spreads it around the room instead of concentrating it at one spot.

You'll want to consider the advantages of these Baseboard Panels whenever you are planning to build a new home or modernize the old. Ask your Plumbing and Heating Contractor—or write Crane General Office—for full information about them . . . and about any other particular heating subject in which you are interested.



Rooms are easy to decorate with Crane Radiant Baseboard Panels. Walls are left free and clear.



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RELAX AND ENJOY YOURSELF ON WASHDAY

Load the LAUNDROMAT . . . set the control . . . then go out and do as you please while the Laundromat does the work. It fills itself, washes, triple rinses, spins the clothes damp-dry, drains, cleans itself ready for the next wash, and shuts off.

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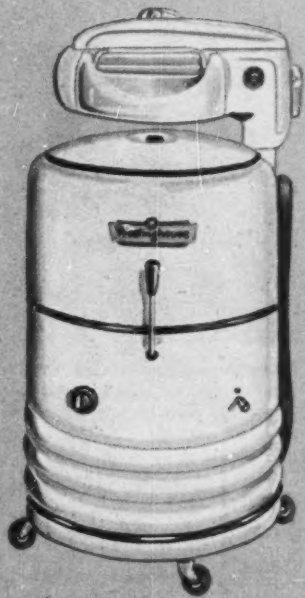
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